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**YOUNG CAPT. PERRY,  
THE HERO OF 1812.**

An Exciting Privateer Yarn.

By GEORGE G. SMALL.



"Men, I expect good work from those English guns. Let England speak to England through a Yankee interpreter!" "Ay—ay, sir!" was the hearty response, as the boat shot toward the brigantine.

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# YOUNG CAPT. PERRY, THE HERO OF 1812.

## AN EXCITING PRIVATEER YARN.

By GEORGE G. SMALL.

Author of "The Yankee Yacht Club; or, Around the World by Water," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE TIMES THAT NURTURED HEROES.

OUR story opens just after Captain Perry's great and unprecedented victory on Lake Erie in 1813.

Never before in the history of nations had there been fought such a war as that of 1812, between the infant Republic of America and haughty old England, who, until after the events of that struggle could proudly and justly say that she ruled the waters of the world.

Never before in the thousand years which had swept over her flag with battle and storm had she been so quickly, so completely and so unexpectedly beaten, and never before had the world produced a hero possessed of sufficient courage and ingenuity to go to work in the very face of a powerful fleet that ruled unquestioned upon the lake, and built other vessels to fight them with; felling the trees and hewing the timber that grew upon the shore of the lake; taking his armament and supplies over land hundreds of tedious miles; successfully launching that fleet, and with it successfully fighting and whipping a doubly-armed enemy out of his ships so quickly that he, no less than the United States could scarcely comprehend the fact.

All this, and more, too, did Captain Perry, the most brilliant naval hero that figured upon the pages of history.

This was before the days of railroads and telegraphs, and the news of this glorious victory was not flashed and sped over the land as it would be in our day; but news so good as that did not travel on leaden wings, and in an almost incredibly short time, considering the means of communication, it spread over the country in every direction, creating the wildest wonder and enthusiasm, and at once cheering the Americans and depressing those who were against her in the war.

In city, town and hamlet—everywhere, in fact, there was the loudest rejoicing among the patriots, and the name of Oliver Hazzard Perry was on every tongue—only to be praised. Flags flew by day and bonfires burned at night for weeks in honor of the victory, and scarcely an American patriot was there to be found who did not believe the United States with its infant navy equal to anything that England could send against it; for this was not the first or last of our victories, although it was our greatest one.

In a little hamlet on Long Island, bordering on the Sound, about fifty miles from the city of New York, the action of our story commences.

It was a place of little or no importance at that time, but is now known as Port Jefferson, renowned for its beautiful harbor and its large ship-building interests.

It was about three weeks after the battle of Lake Erie, (of which they had heard only some ten days before), that there was unusual excitement in the hamlet, occasioned by a letter that had been received, by the last packet, by the widow Warren, from her son Frank.

He was a bright, smart, brave, handsome

young fellow, about twenty-one years of age, well-known by everybody in the place, and held in high esteem by old and young, as his father had been before him.

It was known that he had taken part in the battle of Lake Erie, that in fact, he had been an ensign under Perry; that he had been spoken of with much praise by the hero in his account of the battle, and the letter that his mother had received was from him, informing her that he was then in New York on business connected with his discharge from the regular navy, into which he had volunteered for a year at the very outset of the war, and that he should be at home by the next packet.

This packet would be due in about four days, and now it was being talked over by the villagers that the young hero who had thus reflected so much honor upon the place, should receive some sort of a fitting reception at their hands on his arrival.

There wasn't much that could be done beyond giving him a hearty handshake and some rousing cheers, but finally several young fellows, who regarded Frank in the light of a great hero, managed to borrow a cannon from a neighboring town, wherewith to thunder forth a welcome more suitable and more like one.

Everybody for miles around entered upon the pleasant task of preparing for the welcome and reception of Frank Warren, and it is safe to say that the proudest, happiest woman in America was his mother, a poor, but most estimable lady.

His father had lost his life at sea some twelve years before, dying with the reputation of being a brave man, a good friend, and a splendid specimen of an American sailor.

Frank had followed in his footsteps from the age of twelve, and although but little more than a boy now, he had sailed to many countries and had seen much of life and service. When war was declared between England and the United States, owing to the former's oppression of our seamen, he was one of the first to volunteer, and was fortunate enough to be placed under Captain Perry.

During all these years of his roving life, he had been at home but little, yet all his earnings were given to his widowed mother, enabling her to live in comparative comfort; and it was this conduct on his part that endeared him to his friends as much as anything else, for people used to say:

"Frank is true blue, like his father, and his mother will never want while he lives."

Finally the packet arrived in the harbor, and a signal agreed upon by the people and the master, should Frank be on board, was hoisted, and immediately an American flag was raised upon the liberty pole and the cannon on the wharf belched forth its thunderous whoop, which was echoed from hill to hill, and then taken up by the hurrahs of the villagers, who flocked in large numbers to the water's edge.

Slowly the packet made her way up to the wharf where the cannon was welcoming her, and when near enough for the people to recog-

nize the youthful hero, as he stood in the stern, the very picture of sailor-like manliness—the cheers which were sent forth almost drowned the roar of the cannon.

It was a reception that he was not all prepared for, but thinking it was more in honor of the great battle which he had been engaged in than for himself, he remained unmoved, and was happy, more for his mother's sake than his own.

When near enough to the wharf he leaped ashore and into the arms of his friends, who bore him in triumph to his mother's cottage, all the while overwhelming him with hearty congratulations. And here it was that he was received as only a loving mother can receive her only and long-absent son, returning thus with honors thick upon him.

The reception was kept up all that day, and when night came he mounted a bench in front of his mother's cottage and told the villagers all about the famous victory—how it originated and was carried out to a successful termination, this being the first full account of the affair that they had received.

As may be supposed, the narration made a most profound sensation among the simple villagers, and aroused them to the highest pitch of patriotic enthusiasm. Frank continued:

"Yes, my friends, it was a glorious victory, and all honor to brave Captain Perry, who conceived and carried it out. But England is not beaten yet. Her vessels yet plow our waters, and her insulting flag flaunts before every port of entry in the United States. But this shows us what can be done. If we have no vessels we can build them!" said he, and a wild cheer, with cries of "Yes, yes!" was the response.

"What man has done, man may do. Our beautiful Long Island Sound is full of the enemy's vessels; our coasters are nearly all driven from their trade, and business is paralyzed. This must not be. If I had a single vessel and a crew on which I could depend, I would make an effort to continue the glorious work already begun."

This was greeted with hearty cheers.

"My friends, the timber to build a vessel is growing all around us on the hills; the brain and muscles are here to work it into shape; the other materials can easily be procured, and once afloat as a privateer, we will soon make fortunes for ourselves and honor for our country. How many will join me in such an enterprise?"

A hundred voices responded in his favor, and the utmost enthusiasm was manifested.

"Thanks! Will you be ready to-morrow?"

"Yes—yes!"

"To-morrow be it, then. Good-night until then, and in the morning I will meet you," said he, getting down to shake hands with dozens who crowded around him.

That night there was little talked of or dreamed of but the startling project that had been undertaken, but by no one, of course, more than by Frank Warren.

Naturally very ambitious, as well as patriotic, he felt that he had entered a wedge that

should move the rock of obscurity, and give him a chance to work for both fame and country.

He and his mother were left alone at last, and had a chance to confer with each other, something they had not yet been able to do; and, while they were doing so, several young men who envied his popularity to the extent that they would gladly share it, gathered at the inn and discussed the matter of building a vessel, not only helping to do so, but joining the fate and fortunes of it afterwards with the brave youth whom they had helped to welcome.

Everybody seemed to be in favor of the idea, some possibly and probably from hopes of gain, for human nature is somewhat selfish in spite of the patriotism it may carry; but there seemed to be but one opinion regarding the project.

There were nearly fifty of them gathered there, and each one seemed ready to lend his assistance, while at least twenty announced themselves as ready and anxious to sail in the craft after it should be completed.

But there was one man there who listened to all this talk with a darkened brow. He was a man of wealth and some influence, although generally despised by the better class of men and women, especially those who were in favor of the war with England.

His name was Shepherd Hugle, and he was about fifty years of age, lived in the best house in the township, owned several vessels engaged in the West Indian trade, had a son away at college, and was altogether a very dark man—one of whom people knew but little, for he and his family kept their affairs so strictly to themselves that even the village gossips, who are generally capable of finding out everything there is about people in their midst, could say nothing positive regarding them.

One thing was very certain, no one in the place knew that Mr. Hugle had placed his vessels under the English flag at the commencement of hostilities, believing that the Americans would be beaten in the contest, and that his property would be safer under that flag than under the stars and stripes. Had they known of this cowardly trick on his part they certainly would have detested him more than ever.

But he kept his own counsel, and all the while, in a mild sort of way, pretended to be pleased when news came of an American victory, although at heart he felt quite the other way, and even wondered that it should be so. But he believed that the tide would turn and fortune show that he was right in his secret conduct and belief.

He had not attended the reception of Frank Warren or taken any part in it, but that was to be expected of him under any circumstances, as it was generally believed that he held himself high above the common people who were the ones engaged in it.

But he longed to hear about it, to hear the story of one who had taken part in the battle, although his papers from New York had given him very full particulars. So he took a seat in the bar-room of the village inn, knowing that the story would shortly be brought there.

But he was not prepared to hear of the bold proposition made by the Widow Warren's son, and he listened with great interest as he heard it talked over by the people.

Presently one of the foremost of the men who had been discussing matters, turned to Hugle and said :

"Well, Mr. Hugle, what do you think of the news?"

"Glorious," said he calmly, while every one in the room turned to look at him.

"A most remarkable battle, sir."

"It was, indeed."

"Were you at young Warren's reception to hear his account of the affair?"

"I was not. I read about it in the papers."

"But what do you think of the proposition to build a privateer?"

"It is a good one, provided it can be fully carried out," replied Hugle.

"Ah, sir, but we will carry it out; no fear but what we will; and with that brave young fellow for our captain, we will make it hot for the enemy that cruises in Long Island Sound," said the speaker, earnestly.

"Perhaps so," rejoined Hugle, with the utmost calmness.

"And as you have ships, of course we can depend on you for some assistance."

"No, sir!" replied the man of mystery, and

without another word he arose and walked stiffly from the room, leaving the inmates gaping after him.

"But let them go ahead!" he muttered to himself, as he leaped into his saddle and rode away.

"You were a fool to ask him," said one of the party, after he had gone.

"Yes; for a man that will allow his own brother to die in the poor-house, and be thrown into a pauper's grave when he had an abundance, would not be apt to do anything for his country that he was not obliged to do," said another.

"That's so," they all replied.

"But I thought I would try him and see what he had to say. Strange, even if he is ever so selfish, that he should not wish to do something to drive away an enemy that might capture his own vessels."

"I am not so sure about his having his vessels anywhere in danger. You know he used to go to New York every two weeks, but since the war began he has not been oftener than once in two months, which makes me think that his vessels are laid up somewhere out of harm's way."

"I am not so sure that they are out of harm's way, though, if the English should take New York, as they are trying to do."

"Well, at all events, nobody will know what he has done, or what he intends to do. For that matter they may all be in Spanish ports, protected by Spanish guns."

"Well, well, we don't care a rap for him, anyway. We can get along without him."

"Yes, and all the better without him, for if he had anything to do with the affair, he would want to have his own way in everything."

"That's so, the old hog."

"Let him go to blazes. We ask none of his help, and I, for one, am sorry that you ever asked him," said an old man.

"So be it. But, come, it is getting late. Let's go home and be on hand early in the morning to meet our new hero, boys."

"Yes, but before we go let's have a bumper all around, landlord, that we may drink to his health and success."

"Yes—yes," was the hearty response.

The punch was quickly brewed, and as each man raised his flagon, old Joel Hand held his up in his trembling grasp and said :

"Success to the United States; success to young Warren and our venture, and confusion to our enemies!" which was drunk with an earnest hurrah.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE WORK OF WILLING HANDS.

The next morning Frank Warren met his friends bright and early. Not a spark of enthusiasm appeared to have been lost.

His first move was to consult with an old ship builder, who had a yard that had long lain idle, and in him he found an earnest friend. Everything he had in the world was at his disposal, and for that matter, he had the molds of a good-sized schooner all ready, the original vessel built from them having been lately destroyed by the British.

In a few hours the details were far enough advanced to send men into the adjacent forests to cut the timber, and fifty of them, good and true, at once set off, while others remained behind to put the ways in order and get everything in readiness.

Such a brisk scene had not been witnessed in the little village for three or four years, and although the people were very poor, on account of the long stagnation of trade and commerce, yet they never faltered; they fairly swarmed upon the work.

The next day, after everything was going ship shape, Frank Warren announced his intention of crossing the Sound to Bridgeport, Conn., for the purpose of finding an old friend and former commander of his father, now a retired sea captain, by the name of Tarbolt.

He did not say that he hoped to find a friend in the bluff old captain, because he did not wish to raise hopes that might not be fulfilled. He had not seen Captain Tarbolt for many years, the last time being on board his bark in company with his father; but he had heard about him, and that he was a staunch upholder of the war.

The meeting between them was of the most cordial nature. Frank's father was a favorite of his, and he had always admired the boy, whom he used to say, good-

natured, was a slight improvement upon his father. But when he learned as he did, from the report of the battle of Lake Erie, that his son had greatly distinguished himself, he was almost as full of joy as he would have been had Frank been his own son.

"Why, you young rascal, give us a hold of that tough little flipper of yours!" he cried, seizing the young man by the hand once more, and almost squeezing it out of shape. "Why, darn my bobstays, I—I—here, Mary, come here and lend a hand before I ship a sea and get to running over at the scuppers. Mary, ahoy there!" he called, still holding his hand and manifesting much rough, but genuine emotion.

In reply to his call, a most lovely young lady came into the room. She was about seventeen years of age, refined, beautiful, and in the first flush of womanhood.

"Mary—Mary—this is Frank Warren, my—well, darn it, the best young fellow afloat or ashore. His father used to sail with me," said he, bungling at an introduction.

"The same one who so nobly participated in the battle of Lake Erie?" asked the girl, advancing and giving her hand to young Warren.

"Yes—yes, the same one you heard me speaking about only yesterday."

"This is an honor indeed," said she, heartily.

"Honor! I should say it was, darn it, kiss him! Kiss the handsome rascal. None of your new-fangled notions of simply splicing flippers. Kiss him, I tell you."

The kiss was given and received with some blushing, but with little reluctance, for it had been the fashion only a few years before for men and women when introduced to salute each other with a kiss, and the old captain had no notion of allowing the new style of hand shaking to prevail on this occasion if it did on others.

"Now haul off and let Frank and I lay alongside each other for awhile, for we want to exchange the news," said he, pushing her gently from the door and kissing her himself as they parted. "She's my niece, Frank, my niece and heir. I never got spliced, you know, and so when I left the sea and settled down, I adopted her. She's a clipper, my boy; the handsomest craft in the world; but there can't anybody have her. But belay that. Tell me all about yourself; I am crazy to hear. How's your mother?"

Frank told him everything in a general way, and then what had so lately happened, and what his ambition was in connection with it.

"Good boy! You want to become a young Captain Perry, don't you?" said the old sailor.

"I can never hope to reach such a height, but if I can only get a chance I will do the best I can," replied Frank, modestly.

"I'll bet you will, my boy, I'll bet a ship you will. But how are you going to arm your vessel when you get it built?"

"That's what I came to see you about. Is there no way whereby you can help me?"

"Help you—help you; well, yes, a little, perhaps, but nearly everything I have got is afloat in the shape of privateers. Got five of them out."

"I am glad to hear that, captain, right glad."

"And hang me if I amn't selfish enough to wish I had you to command one of them. But I approve of what you are doing, and here's a thousand dollars to use as far as it'll go, and if I can send you over anything that will help you along, I'll do it right heartily."

"Oh, thank you, captain, I know you will, and I feel certain that I shall be able to repay you."

"I hope you will; not that I care a pound of old junk for the money, but I want you to succeed, and if I had a larger craft you should have command of it if in your own right. But now come into grub and we'll talk over the odds and ends. Come along, Mary will mess with us," and he led the way into a richly furnished dining-room. In fact, his whole house was richly but oddly furnished with articles that he had brought from every nation under the sun.

Mary Kelsey was there to welcome them and to preside at her uncle's table like a queen. Frank was greatly struck by her superb blonde beauty, but the business he had in hand drove all thought of love from his mind, although he could but feel that if his heart was ever given to love, that she

would be the nearest to the brightest ideal he had ever yet conceived of.

Dinner over, Frank soon after took his departure, for the wind served, and he wanted to reach the other side of the Sound before dark; but as he was about to go, and when in the very act of shaking hands with Mary Kelsey, she took a red, white and blue ribbon from her throat and tied it around one of the buttons on his sailor jacket.

"Will you wear my colors, Mr. Warren?" she asked, smiling and blushing.

"With pleasure, Miss Kelsey, for they are also my colors. I will either return them to you personally, or you will hear of them being found upon a bloody uniform," said he, earnestly.

"Oh, I shall hope and pray that you may bring them back to me in person, and oh! how dearly I should prize them ever after."

"Belay there, you young rascals! The first thing I know there will be a naval engagement right here in my house," said the bluff old captain, shaking his rotund sides with laughter, though it was plain to be seen that he was not very much afraid of what might happen.

A good breeze soon wafted him back to his home in Port Jefferson again, where he found everything progressing as he could wish, and the good news he brought them made his friends happier and more determined than ever.

As before stated, a little army of men were at work upon the new vessel, a portion of them both night and day, and in less than a month it was ready to launch, all rigged and ready for service with the exception of her armament. But this arrived the day she was launched, having been sent by Captain Tarbolt as a present, one of the guns having the name of "Mary" engraved upon it.

The vessel looked splendid, she being a topsail schooner, strongly if not fancifully rigged, calculated for hard knocks and rough service, and a high rate of speed, her model being regarded as one of the finest ever built in those days.

Frank Warren named her Captain Perry, in honor of his brave commander, and with all haste the guns and ammunition were placed on board and preparations made for sailing, the greatest excitement existing all around in that part of Long Island, this being the first privateer that had been launched or fitted out on the eastern end of the island since the commencement of the war.

Frank Warren was the captain, of course, and by the time the schooner was ready to launch, he had selected his crew, with the exception of three gunners that Captain Tarbolt had sent him from Bridgeport.

Thus manned, armed and equipped, a trial trip was had in the harbor, where there was ample room for practice and maneuvering, and after everything was found to be satisfactory and in good working order, a day was set for sailing, and this raised the excitement still higher, if possible.

The crew and officers under Frank Warren were men for the most part almost born and bred upon the water, being especially familiar with the intricate waters surrounding Long Island. Some of them were decided characters, and a few of them were eccentric and comical, as will be seen further on.

But in the afternoon before the day set for sailing, an old fisherman, residing in the village, came in from Long Island Sound with the startling intelligence that an English brigantine of war was cruising, in a suspicious manner, back and forth, before the narrow mouth of the harbor.

This news struck consternation to the people and the crew of the Perry, for now they felt certain that information of their projects had been given to the enemy by some one, and that the prospect of getting out past a vessel of such superior size and armament was a hopeless one.

Who had betrayed them?

Shepherd Hugle smiled when he heard the news, but made no comments whatever. Things had worked just as he could have wished them to, and now he calmly awaited events.

Frank Warren was a little stunned by the news, but he did not lose hope. Where there was a will there was a way, and the first thing he did was to take a small fishing boat and sail down to the mouth of the harbor to reconnoiter.

As he did so he met the private pleasure boat of Shepherd Hugle coming up the har-

bor with two or three strangers on board. Who were they?

### CHAPTER III.

#### IN THE FLARE OF A DESPERATE CHANCE.

ONLY thinking of the meeting of Shepherd Hugle and the strangers (while he was sailing out to the harbor's mouth for the purpose of satisfying himself regarding the presence of a British brigantine of war that was reported to be cruising conspicuously outside) long enough to regard it as somewhat strange, to say the least, Frank Warren kept on his course.

It will be remembered that his schooner, or brig, as that style of vessel was then called, was all ready to sail on a privateering cruise from Port Jefferson, on Long Island, where she had been so quickly built and armed, when news came that a British war brigantine was cruising around in Long Island Sound, near the mouth of the harbor, evidently having been informed about the building of the Captain Perry, and waiting for her to make her first trip in order to capture her.

This could most likely be easily done, or it certainly could under ordinary circumstances, since the brigantine was a much larger vessel, more heavily armed, and with a crew well broken to the harness. Therefore the report, which Frank Warren had gone to confirm, created the utmost anxiety and distress in the little village where so much labor had been given towards building her and getting her ready for sea.

Only a hurried reconnoissance was required to confirm the report. The brigantine was slowly sailing back and forth before the harbor's narrow mouth, evidently all ready to pounce upon or try conclusions with anything that might dare to come out and offer an opportunity.

Disguised as a fisherman, and having a fishing boat, he resolved to run near enough to the brigantine to ascertain something of her build and armament; and accordingly he managed his boat so as to run almost alongside as she came down on an eastern tack.

"Boat ahoy!" soon came from an officer who stood on the quarter deck observing him.

"Halloo!" answered Frank.

"What are you?"

"Wa'al," replied Frank, assuming a drawling Yankee tone of voice, "guess I'm a man. Been twenty-one now some time."

He heard several officers laugh at this, and felt encouraged.

"What's your business?"

"Salt water fisherman."

"Got any fish?"

"No; the goldarned critters don't bite worth a cent tu-day," said he, at the same time wishing that he did have some, for a trade might enable him to get on board.

"Any news from the war?"

"Not much. Hearn we licked ye putty bad up on Lake Erie, though."

"Oh, go to thunder! Are they building any vessels up yonder?" asked the officer, pointing.

"No vessels buildin' up our way."

"Heard of any that's being built?"

"Wall, yes, I b'lieve they're buildin' some sort of a craft up here ter the Port."

"What are they going to do with it?"

"Darned if I know, an' I guess they don't," he replied; and as the distance between the two craft had by this time become too great for unaided conversation, Frank only heard a rough laugh as they parted company.

"No; we don't know what we are going to do with her, but we are going to try and find out about it," he muttered, as he sailed away.

He found the brigantine to carry five guns, two on her broadsides of heavy calibre, and one in her bows, this being a swivel gun.

This was two more than the Captain Perry had, although the swivel which she carried, the gun marked "Mury," was much larger.

"I wouldn't mind trying conclusions with this fellow if my men had any experience," mused Frank; "I might sail over to Bridgeport, and, perhaps, get Captain Tarbolt to assist me, but in that case I should do nothing that would please either Mary or himself. No! I must get out of this harbor either by stratagem or fighting," was his last resolute conclusion, as he made a tack and shaped his course homeward.

It was rather a melancholy sail, but it gave him a chance to revolve the whole matter in

his mind, and to study up some way of getting out of the dilemma.

On reaching the Captain Perry, he learned that Mr. Hugle had sailed around the vessel three times, in company with the strangers that he had seen him with, although he did not ask to come on board.

This they paid but little attention to, thinking that he was simply showing some strangers from New York, perhaps, the new enterprise.

"I don't like that man or his actions, and I suspect that the strangers he had on board were from the British brigantine, for I met them as I was sailing down the harbor, coming up," said young Warren. "But I think I know how to fix them."

"I thought myself that they meant us no good, and so took pains to hide things as much as possible from their view," said the second officer, Bill Burton.

"And I believe that he is the scoundrel who has betrayed us to the enemy," added Frank Bailey, the third officer, "for his actions have shown from the first that he is no friend either of us, or of the flag we sail under."

"And I believe as you do," said bluff Jack Harkins.

"But what about the brigantine?" asked Burton.

"She is there as reported, and she's a big one."

"How big?"

"About a third larger than we are, with four heavy broadside guns and a swivel some smaller than ours is. And she is well manned," replied Frank, resolved on giving them the darkest side of the picture first.

The men and officers had gathered around the young commander, and each drew a long breath or uttered some exclamation as he imparted the news.

"Waal, gosh blame my skin if I don't think we can knock the everlastin' tar right out of 'em, anyway," said Josiah Butterberry, a tall, lank, Connecticut Yankee, smacking his big fists together.

"I like that. How many of you are of the same opinion?" asked Frank, quickly, and not a man of them was there who did not draw and present the cutlass that he wore so proudly, and come to the "salute," indicating that they were of the same opinion.

"Good! You are the men for me. Will you stand or fall with me in the attempt to capture that brigantine?"

"We will," was the hearty response.

"Then that settles it. Lieutenant Bailey, you go ashore and attend to Hugle and his friends. Take a guard along with you and capture the whole lot of them, for I am very certain that they belong to the enemy."

"Ay—ay, captain."

"Take them prisoners and bring them on board."

"Ay, ay, captain. The task pleases me," replied Bailey, turning to select his guard, while Warren withdrew to his cabin with his other officers.

The plan that he had contrived was here unfolded to them and at once agreed upon, although it was thought best not to make any particular demonstration until after the capture of Hugle and his friends.

But they did not have to wait long for this part of the plan to be carried out, for Bailey soon found them in a chamber at the tavern, where they were enjoying a bottle of wine and drinking confusion to the Yankees; and as Bailey firmly believed Hugle at least to be an enemy, and having no love for him any way, he was not the man to stand upon any ceremony, and so burst in the door of the room.

"Prisoners!" he shouted, and at the same instant he and his men covered them with pistols.

"What!" exclaimed the foremost of the strangers, leaping to his feet in great surprise.

"Prisoners," replied Bailey, calmly.

"To whom?"

"To me, for the present; to the United States by and by, if they want you. Come, place your arms upon the table so we shall not be obliged to use our own," he added, resolutely.

"I protest against this outrage!" exclaimed Hugle, greatly excited, and trembling visibly.

"All right. Protest as much as you like, but you are all three of you prisoners just the same."

"Hugle, is there treachery here?" exclaimed the stranger who had first spoken, a stout,

## YOUNG CAPT. PERRY.

good looking man, in spite of his evident disguise.

"There's none on my part, at all events."

"I am not so certain about that," and the way he spoke showed that he belonged to the enemy, although in what capacity had not yet transpired.

Hugle was deeply stung by the boldly spoken suspicion, but he had no time to make a reply just then; for after the two strangers had given up their pistols they were secured with their arms tied behind them and quickly marched down to the waiting boat.

The arrest created the greatest sensation in the little village, where excitement was already at a fever heat on account of the supposed danger of the Perry, and the people flocked in numbers down to the wharf, from whence the prisoners were to be taken on board.

"Who are they?" was the question in the mouths of every one, although, of course, relating to the strangers. They knew Hugle well enough, but his being a prisoner only increased the wonder.

But no explanations were given, for it must be borne in mind that by this time Captain Warren had brought his crew to a fine state of man-o'-war discipline.

So leaving the wonder at its height, the prisoners were rowed on board the Perry, which lay at anchor about fifty rods from shore, where they were presented to the youthful captain.

"Gentlemen, I am sorry to put you to any inconvenience, but having some work to do that can perhaps be done better when you are not at large, you will please excuse me and make yourselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances," said Warren.

"But this is an outrage, and—"

"This does not look like one," said Lieut. Bailey, pointing to the highly ornamented pistols which he had taken from the strangers.

Captain Warren examined them and saw that they were stamped "R. N." surmounted by a crown, indicating unmistakably that they belonged to the Royal Navy.

"Gentlemen, if this is an outrage, it looks like the regular outrage of war, and you must consider yourselves prisoners at least until your case can be investigated."

"But you have no authority, you have no letters of marque and reprisal," said Shepherd Hugle, sullenly.

"There, sir, is where you are mistaken. I received them from the President of the United States last week, and which shows that you do not know everything. Take them below, under guard," he added, decidedly.

There was no help for it, and sullenly they allowed themselves to be secured between decks. Warren was mistaken in one thing, however. Hugle did know that he had received his authority from the president, for he had spies almost everywhere, but he did not wish to have people think so, or that he knew anything in the way he did. The blow was even more severe for him than for his guests to be taken prisoners. They had a legitimate right to disguise their actions, but there was danger now that his life of disguise would be unmasked to the world.

The reflections and recriminations to which they were left below may be imagined.

But in the meantime there was bustle and activity on deck, which they could hear, but could not understand.

Night had now set in, dark and lowering, but the work went on by the light of lanterns, and before morning the main deck was covered with barrels, and in every respect the general appearance of the vessel had been changed, so that she resembled a trading craft, such as then plied between small seaport towns and New York.

Captain Warren's first intention was to sail out of the harbor at night for this particular enterprise, but taking counsel of those who knew how dangerous it was at the mouth, even in broad daylight and good weather, he deferred doing so until dawn.

But an hour before that time, the tide serving, he drifted down to the harbor's mouth, so as to be ready with the first light of day to work his way out into the Sound.

Both tide and breeze served, and the Captain Perry behaved splendidly. Daylight was scarcely observable in the east, when they succeeded in passing the outer and most difficult bar, and right before them, not a mile away, lay the brigantine at anchor, but

directly in the narrow channel, so that it was impossible to work past without colliding with her.

"Every man ready to follow instructions!" said Captain Warren, after the bar was passed and he saw what had to be done.

The men, though not visible themselves, also saw what had to be done, and felt just like doing it.

Young Warren was dressed in an ordinary coaster's garb, and stood by the wheel, while fifty of his men were concealed in the barrels which stood near the rail, each armed with two pistols and a cutlass.

The officer of the deck discovered the supposed clumsy coaster when within about fifty rods of the brigantine, and supposing those in charge of her to be asleep, he seized a speaking trumpet to hail them:

"Brig ahoy!"

No answer.

"Brig ahoy!" again sounded over the faintly-lighted waters. "Fools ahoy! Luff up, or you will run afoul of us!" but seeing no movement on the deck, and receiving no reply, the officer became alarmed and hastily summoned the watch.

There was an excited discussion among them, and several advised the firing of a shot from the swivel gun to awaken the sleepy louts, who were not only endangering themselves but the brigantine; and there not being time to fire the swivel, the officer seized a carbine and fired as near as he could to the man at the wheel, supposed to be asleep, but there was no response and no altering of the course.

"Quick! get out the boarding-hooks; call up the morning watch, and when the bloody fool does strike us—although he can do us little or no harm—we will grapple him and take him for a prize without firing a shot."

These orders were hastily obeyed, and as the Captain Perry came within a boat's length, the morning watch came upon deck, and the lubberly helmsman of the supposed coaster suddenly seemed to awaken.

"Sheer off, you bloody fool! Don't you see that you are going to run into us?" demanded the indignant officer of the deck.

"Oh, oh!" cried Warren, and at once went to work, pretending to be terribly frightened at the prospects of a collision, and trying to effect some measures of escape.

But he had only time to let go the main sail when the vessels ground together, and the English at once grappled it with their boarding-hooks and pikes, laughing as they did so.

"Up, boys, and at 'em!" cried the young captain, and in response fifty good men and true jumped from the barrels and leaped upon the brigantine's deck, armed to the teeth.

In an instant they saw the trick that had been played upon them and threw down their boarding pikes, at the same times looking to the third officer for orders.

"Surrender, or I'll blow you out of the water!" cried Warren, leaping upon the quarter-deck, and covering the astonished Englishman with his two trusty pistols.

"Surrender! Who to?" he asked, hesitatingly.

"Young Captain Perry."

"The d---l!" exclaimed the officer, not knowing indeed but that it really was the young hero of Lake Erie who stood before him; and without a word further he surrendered his sword.

"Secure the hatches, men!" cried Lieut. Bailey, seeing the marines on the point of coming upon deck to see what the row was.

"You'd better not!" growled the officer, sulkily, "for the gunners will put a broadside into you as sure as fate!"

"All right. Your captain and second officer are prisoners just where your guns will blow them into mincemeat," said Warren.

"Prisoners!"

"They are, and you shall see them just as soon as your crew has fully surrendered."

The crestfallen and astonished officers went below, followed by young Warren, for the purpose of completing the surrender.

It was a bitter pill for the crew to swallow, but being thoroughly disciplined, they obeyed orders, and were marched upon deck without arms and surrendered themselves prisoners of war, and to a comparatively green lot of Yankee boys.

This being accomplished, the English flag that was to be hoisted at sunrise was run up on the brigantine's halliard, but the American

flag floated proudly above it, as it did now upon the halliard of the Captain Perry.

She proved to be the British brigantine Bee, and had a good record as a cruiser and ruiner of American commerce.

After everything had been arranged, and the prisoners were all confined below in their late quarters, Lieut. Burton and a prize crew were placed on board, while Captain Warren, on the Perry, began to throw overboard the barrels and other disguises which had served them so well, after which they both made sail for Bridgeport, Frank being determined to offer the evidence of his first success to his patron, Captain Tarbolt, and there dispose of his prisoners.

## CHAPTER IV.

"A Yankee ship and a Yankee Crew,  
Tally-I-ho! tally-I-ho!"

So quickly was the transaction over with, that neither party could scarcely believe their senses, and when the first rays of the rising sun gleamed over the waters of Long Island Sound, they kissed the American flag that waved gracefully and proudly above the cross of St. George upon the captured English brigantine.

Before sailing for Bridgeport, however, Captain Warren had dispatched a message to his friends by an early fisherman whom he found to be returning to Port Jefferson, giving a brief history of what had taken place, that they, too, might rejoice over his and their good fortune; for the captured brigantine was worth at least one hundred thousand dollars, and would not only pay for the cost of the Perry, but give each one who had a personal interest in her a snug little fortune besides.

But, as may well be understood, a more joyous crew of men and officers was not to be found than that on board the Captain Perry, the only regret of some being that the prize had been taken without a fight.

They sang the old naval war song, "A Yankee ship and a Yankee crew," as the two vessels, in close company, stood off before the wind across the Sound for the Connecticut shore.

Captain Warren, however, had grave work on hand, for after they were well under weigh he had the three prisoners, taken at Port Jefferson, brought to the quarter-deck, where he received them in a naval captain's uniform.

"Captain Blenham, do you recognize that brigantine yonder?" he asked, pointing to his prize with pride.

The crestfallen captain turned to look in the direction indicated, and started as though a dagger had pierced him.

"It is His Majesty's brigantine, Bee," said he.

"It did belong to His Majesty, but it now belongs to the United States."

"Impossible!"

"I am glad to assure you that it is true. I took it just now without firing a gun."

"Impossible again," said the Englishman.

"Do you see the American flag that floats above your own?"

Captain Blenham was so much overcome that he staggered to the binnacle for support.

"And what have you to say to this, Mr. Hugle?" asked Frank, turning to that person.

"Nothing," was his surly reply.

"Perhaps you will play double, and act the spy again. Oh, you need not start, and pretend to be surprised. I know you. These gentlemen were my enemies—they are not so now, because they are my prisoners. They acted the part that any officer would have acted who wished to overcome an enemy, but you have not only played spy and traitor to your country, but have been the means of getting these gentlemen into trouble."

"That is true, Mr. Hugle, for had it not been for you I never should have left my vessel, and in that case should not have lost her," said Captain Blenham indignantly.

"I tell you again that it is a misfortune only, and no fault of mine," said he, doggedly.

"Well, let Captain Blenham regard you in whatever light he chooses. I regard you as a spy and a traitor, and as such shall hand you over to the authorities."

"You dare not, boy," said Hugle, quickly.

"Dare not! We shall see. If authority higher than mine will regard you innocent

after the evidence I shall give them, then you are welcome to your liberty. But of one thing you may be assured; your fellow citizens do and ever will regard you as a dastard. Captain Blenham, when we reach the other side of the Sound, you shall have access to your private property. Meanwhile, make yourself as comfortable as possible. Officer, take this man Hugle below again."

"Thank you," said Blenham, sadly; "but you haven't told me yet to whom my vessel surrendered."

"Captain Frank Warren."

"I never heard of you before."

"Perhaps not as a captain; but if you have read the report of the battle of Lake Erie you may have seen the name of Ensign Frank Warren."

"Yes, I saw it, and very handsomely noticed by Captain Perry. That was a great battle, and it is scarcely a disgrace to surrender to one of the heroes of it," replied Blenham.

Thus their conversation was kept up in as pleasant a manner as possible, while the crew were laughing, talking and singing amidships and in the forecastle, and just where Hugle could overhear it.

Among the sailors comprising the crew, both as fighting men and ordinary seamen, there was the Yankee before spoken of; Tim O'Toole, an Irish lad; Pompey June, the cook, a black American of the African order; Thomas Scudder, a Yankee who had served in both the English and French navies, and was regarded as one of the most expert gunners afloat; Bob Yates, also a gunner and a thoroughbred; Tom Strong and Bill Bowline, gunners who had had the experience of the battle of Lake Erie to their credit; Stephen Young, a sailor who had been bronzed by many climes, together with many others of experience and bravery.

But Tim O'Toole, Pompey June and Josiah Butterberry were the life of the whole crew, for they were as rollicking and comical as they were brave, either one of whom would face a cannon and thrust a pike down its brazen throat. In fact, Captain Warren had selected his entire crew with great care and good judgment.

As before stated, everything being now in good order and ship-shape, the different messes into which the crew were divided were eating their breakfast, two messes at a time, and which Pompey June, the cook, was serving out to them in huge tin-pans, out of which they were helping themselves with their sheath knives.

"Only wish we had some of the fine grub that the Englishman's got in her locker," growled Bill Bowline, sawing off a chunk of salt junk with his knife. Bill was always on the growl. His grub wouldn't have tasted good to him unless he could have eaten it with growl sauce.

"Never mind, messmate, we'll lay hooks on it afore grub time comes 'round again," said Tom Scudder, to whom everything tasted good.

"Shiver my tarry timbers if I wouldn't like ter get my grippers on a flagon of their rum," suggested Tom Strong, who was very fond of strong drink.

"Be me sowl, byes, I'd loike ter overhaul a ship loaded wid foine ould Irish whisky. That's ther stuff that gives yer belly aise," said Tim O'Toole.

"Waal, now, I'll be gosh-darned if I don't think enemost any sort'er licker'd suffer if it fell among this crew, an' not much growlin' either!" put in Josiah Butterberry.

"Oh, Bill Bowlin'd growl at an officer's mess!" said Yates, laughing.

"That's so, by gosh! Darn my ole butes if he hasn't been refusin' his terbacker and growlin' like a dorg with a sore head because the Britisher surrendered without givin' him a chance to try his new gun, his sweetheart, 'Mary the Swivel,'" replied Butterberry, as he struggled with a huge mouthful of potato and salt junk.

"Waal, I don't like this back an' fill fightin'—this 'ere foolin' the enemy. I like ter fill an' sail right inter 'em an' have some fun. What's the use'r guns if yer don't use 'em? May as well have wooden ones and done with it!" said Bill, with a growl.

"Aisy there, messmates! Niver fear but ye'll have all ye want av it afore ye lave the Perry, for the captain's a foighter, so he is!" said Tim.

"Yes, an' between you an' I an' the foretop I think that our 'Mary's' his sweetheart, for

I've noticed that he's darnation particular that she's kept bright an' brassy," said Butterberry.

"I only hope she is, for I never knowed a gun that was named arter a sweetheart that wan't lucky."

"Waal, I'd like ter try her luck, that's all."

"Sail hol" at that instant rang out from the masthead, and all hands leaped to their feet.

"Where away?" asked Captain Warren.

"Three points off our port bow, sir," said the lookout.

Warren pointed his telescope in that direction, and for the next few minutes attentively watched the vessel that was approaching at such an angle as to meet them not a mile in advance unless the courses were altered.

"Men, it is an English sloop of war, and she is evidently bearing straight down upon us for a fight. Clear the decks for action. Lieut. Bailey, take command. Captain Blenham, you can go below if you prefer," said Warren, quickly.

"If you don't object, captain, I'll remain on deck, for I love to witness a good fight, which you will probably have."

"Very well. Lower the gig with two men at the oars!" and in less than a minute the boat was in the water. "Mr. Scudder, you and Bowline, with two guns' crews, follow me to the brigantine as speedily as possible. Lower away the quarter boat with four oars!"

Quick work followed, and the next minute Warren was being rowed toward his prize with lusty oars.

## CHAPTER V.

### THEN COMES THE TUG OF WAR.

REACHING the deck of the prize (the late English brigantine Bee), young Captain Warren was met by the second officer, Lieut. Burton, who was in charge of the vessel.

"Lieutenant, do you see yonder sloop?" was his first question.

"I have been looking at her through a first-class telescope that is included in our capture," replied the trusty officer.

"She is bearing right down upon us, bristling for a fight."

"All right. I guess we can accommodate them," said Burton, smiling.

"Do you think you can fight this craft, if I send you men and gunners?"

"To be sure I can. She is all ship-shape, and in splendid working order."

"Good! The gunners and men will soon be with you. But before they come let us have a complete understanding. That English and American flag will probably confuse them a trifle. We must maneuver so as to let him go between us before we fire a shot. But be careful that one or the other of us is far enough ahead of the other to prevent our shots doing each other damage. I have sent you the best gunners. Tell them to play for her spars, and I will work at her hull. In any event you know the code of signals, so that we can communicate with each other."

"Oh, yes; I understand."

"But do you understand that we must beat and capture that sloop?"

"I do."

"Then I leave one-half of the work in your hands. Get your guns loaded, and your powder magazine open, and I will return to the Perry. I expect a good fight and good fighting," said he, leaping into his boat again.

"Trust me, captain."

"I do so," said he, waving his hand back to his lieutenant.

On his way back to the Captain Perry, he met the quarter boat with the gunners and crews.

"Men! I expect good work from those English guns. Let England speak to England through a Yankee interpreter!"

"Ay—ay, sir!" was the hearty response, as the boat shot toward the brigantine.

There was a fresh breeze blowing, just such a one as vessels of that size required, and by the time the young captain reached the deck of his little war ship, she was cleared for action, and all eyes were turned toward the approaching enemy, that was speeding toward them under full sail.

They were about half way between the Long Island and the Connecticut shores, with a plenty of sea room, and if ever heroes' hearts beat high they did now.

"I'll be goldurned if she don't mean 'apple' with managing her. But still she replied,

sass,' an' no tu ways about it," mused Josiah Butterberry, speaking of the coming enemy.

"Faith, an' we'll give him all the sass he will be afther wantin', so we will," said Tim O'Toole.

"Blast my niggers, but I think she's a-goin' ter run us down!" suggested Steve Young.

"That's bluff, I guess."

"Slack off a little on those starboard braces! Steady! There, belay that and stand ready!" cried Captain Warren; for, seeing that the sloop was coming down on his larboard quarter, he changed his course a few points in order to compel her to sheer off herself and go to starboard.

Scarcely had these orders been executed before a puff of white smoke was seen on the enemy's bow, and a round shot chipped a hole through the Perry's foretop-sail, and whistled away a mile or so beyond and astern.

"Every man in his place! Wait for the word and aim for her hull between wind and water!" came in ringing tones from the captain.

"Ay, ay, sir!" was the hearty response.

"Is the 'Mary' all ready?"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Lieut. Bailey, you take the wheel during the action; I want to work that gun."

"Yes, sir."

"Why in thunder don't he give 'em one now?" asked Butterberry, manifesting impatience.

"That young rooster knows what he's about, and don't forget it!" growled an old tar.

By this time the sloop was with musket shot of the two vessels, from which there came no indication of what they intended to do, and thinking to swoop down upon them like an eagle, and perhaps capture them with only a broadside to each, on came the haughty sloop-of-war, towering in her might and confident of victory, taking the very course that Warren had laid out for her.

The Captain Perry was about two boats lengths in advance of the Bee, and her captain was watching the portholes of the sloop with the eyes of a hawk, while the command to fire trembled on his tongue as he came almost abreast of the bulky enemy.

Every heart beat high, and every hand was nerved and ready.

Presently there was a movement to open the portholes of the sloop.

"Fire!" cried Warren, and the next moment two solid fifty-pound shot crashed through the side of the enemy, just on the water line, and a minute afterwards a broadside hurtled over the deck of the Perry.

Scarcely had the thunder of these guns died away before three sixty-pound shot from the Bee told her crew were wide awake, one of the balls shivering the enemy's foremast, and bringing her sails and rigging down by the run.

"Good, by jehokey!" cried Butterberry.

"Be jabers, I wonder how that pill affects his stomach?" asked O'Toole.

"Starboard hard! Let go the braces! pay off on that jib—steady!" cried Warren, and as the Perry began to come about, he trained the "Mary," and sent another shot into the enemy's stern near the rudder post, disabling her steering gear almost fatally.

Then came the swivel from the Bee, sending a raking shot along the decks of the sloop, causing great havoc and cutting down several men, as could be plainly seen.

But it must not be supposed that the enemy was completely paralyzed or at all idle, for in spite of their severe crippling they sent in broadside after broadside, first at the Perry and then at the Bee, both of which vessels were somewhat injured in their rigging, but not enough so as yet to prevent them from sailing around their almost stationary enemy, and giving it to him as fast as the guns could be loaded and fired.

"What do you think of this fight?" asked Lieut. Bailey, of the English prisoner, Captain Blenham, who stood near him by the wheel.

"Were I an American, I should say it was a most beautiful one. That young captain is a natural sea fighter, and if you can turn out many such, the British navy will fail to conquer you," replied Captain Blenham, who was watching the battle with intense interest.

The Captain Perry received several ugly wounds, one shot from the enemy carrying away her jibboom which greatly interfered

shot for shot with the Bee, pouring them in hot and ugly upon the fighting sloop.

But it soon became evident that the enemy was so much disabled that he could not maneuver his vessel, and consequently was at the mercy of his lighter antagonists, who yet were able to sail around him and rake him fore and aft.

But still he fought on with the stubbornness of a bulldog, and cutting away the fallen sails and running gear endeavored to get up before the wind again so to continue the battle to better advantage.

"I think I can stop that little game," said Warren, comprehending the design, and taking careful aim with the "Mary," he sent a shot which brought down the main topmast with a crash.

This made them completely helpless, but still they kept firing, although with poor effect.

"Once more into her hull!" he added, seeing no indications of surrender.

"Ay—ay, sir!" and almost at the same instant five shots, two from the Perry and three from the Bee, sent the splinters flying from ragged holes in the sloop's sides and bulwarks.

Even after this there was no manifestations of surrender. The battle even seemed to become more furious.

"I understand him," said Warren. "He will not give up so long as he can keep afloat, hoping that we will attempt to board him. But I'll sink him first."

He had the right idea in this, for the crew of the sloop outnumbered him five or six to one, and being thoroughly drilled, they might yet turn the tide if the Americans attempted to board.

Signaling to Liet. Burton, Warren renewed the fight with dreadful earnestness, knocking nearly every standing timber out of her, and causing her to present a most pitiable appearance with her shrouds, sails and broken spars scattered in confusion over her decks, and trailing into the water over her sides.

The flag had been shot away, but in a few moments it was floating again from a temporary pole, to which it had been nailed.

But a battle that had become so uneven as this one had could only result one way. The American vessels had been pretty badly cut up, but so long as they could keep under a good headway with continually changing sails, as they kept up the circle around their enemy, they were in but little danger of receiving more.

The fight had now lasted nearly an hour, and seeing that he could inflict but little more, if any, injury upon the two Americans, the Englishman reluctantly ceased firing and tore down his tattered flag.

Then arose cheer after cheer from both of the victorious vessels, and every gun became silent. Slowly approaching on either side they went to claim their prize.

"Captain Warren, allow me to congratulate you," said Captain Blenham, approaching him as he came upon the quarter deck. "You have conquered the finest sloop in his majesty's service—the sloop-of-war York."

"I am glad to know it, sir," was Warren's calm reply, as he went to the wheel. "They have given us a hard fight, though."

Squaring their topsails, the two vessels slowly drifted to the almost stationary sloop, and as they came together, broadsides on, Captain Warren leaped into one of the sloop's fallen shrouds and climbed nimbly upon the deck above him.

The captain stood by the main hatch, surrounded by his officers, and as the boyish-looking commander approached him he drew his sword and presented it to him.

"This, and the British sloop of war York," said he, sullenly.

"Such is the fate of war, sir. But I must say that you made a plucky fight," replied Warren, respectfully.

"But to surrender to a boy—it is hard!"

"You are not the first one who has surrendered to the boy, as you call him."

"What is the meaning of that English flag flying beneath your own on that brigantine?"

"She is a prize I had just taken before you came up—the Bee."

"Good God! Where is Blenham?" asked the officer, quickly.

"There he stands on the deck of my little brigantine—the Captain Perry," said Warren, pointing down to him.

"Good God! is it possible that we have both surrendered to a boy on the same day?"

Let me see him," he added, going to the broken rail.

"Wait until your surrender is complete in every particular, and then I will present him to you," replied young Warren.

Crestfallen and dejected to the last degree, the captain of the York at once called up his crew, and they were put under guard and a prize crew put in possession, while the carpenters were set to work to stop the ugly leaks which threatened the safety of the battered hull.

It took nearly an hour to complete the surrender, when Warren found himself possessed of two hundred extra prisoners, besides a large number of killed and wounded, both of his own men and the enemy's.

The Bee, however, was comparatively unharmed in her rigging, and so a cable was taken to her and the York taken in tow, while the Captain Perry followed along in the wake, having on board the two captains as prisoners of war.

The course was again laid for Bridgeport, and temporary repairs made on the way, the most important and difficult of which were the big holes in the hull of the prize.

The wind still favored, and after a run of about two hours they reached their destination and cast anchor, the victorious crews singing "Yankee Doodle," as the anchor chains rattled the accompaniment as they sped through the holes.

The arrival, of course, produced the most intense excitement in Bridgeport, and thousands of people flocked to the shore to see the glorious but unusual sight.

## CHAPTER VI.

### HONORS TO THE BRAVE.

BOATS put out from shore and people came flocking into town for miles around, for the cannonading of the battle had been heard leagues away in every direction, and in a short time the glorious news had spread far and wide.

The appearance of the prizes showed how fierce the battle had been, and how fatal to the haughty sloop, the York, almost entirely dismantled, splintered and punctured from stem to stern.

Captain Tom Tarbott was one of the first to greet the young hero on the deck of the Perry, and a more wildly delighted old patriot was never seen. He danced and capered about the deck, shaking everybody by the hand, but giving his favorite young hero an extra grip for every one he gave somebody else.

"I knew it—I knew it! Blast my old timbers, I knew he would do it!" he would exclaim every few minutes. "Got two birds with one stone, didn't you, you young rascal! Show'd 'em a new trick an' played 'Yankee Doodle' on their running gear, didn't you?"

"It was a fortunate battle," replied Warren, modestly.

"Fortunate thunder! Belay that school-girl modesty; pay out on your flag halliards; run your own flag up so the peak, and claim your just dues. It was a pluckily fought battle, with just a little Providence thrown in for to make it interesting," said he, shaking his hand.

"Well, at all events the prizes are ours and every man of my crew is entitled to the same credit for capturing them."

"Of course they are all good men and true, but the best men in the world won't be worth old junk without a good captain, I know that, my boy. Isn't it so, men?" he asked, turning to the officers and crew.

"Ay—ay, sir!" said they all heartily, for knowing what the bluff old captain had done for them in fitting out the Captain Perry and feeling the same towards their young commander as he did, they lost no opportunity in expressing it.

"Of course; and men, I christen him 'Young Captain Perry,'" he shouted.

Three cheers, three times given, not only by his officers and crew, but by hundreds of citizens who had crowded upon the decks of the three vessels or were hovering around in boats, rang out upon the bright autumn day and echoed far and wide.

Young Warren blushed to the roots of his hair as he stood there with uncovered head bowing his acknowledgments. This was an honor he had never dreamed of, even though it was but a name after an illustrious man and great officer; but that moment and that honor thus conferred amply repaid him for all that he had thus far done for his country.

"Frank, you young rascal, the name will stick to you like tar to a marlinspike. And I know of a certain loving girl who will be glad to hear of this christening. How did her gun work?"

"Splendidly; I handled it myself and was fortunate enough to disable the sloop's steering apparatus and bring down a spar with it."

"Good! Glorious! She bought that gun with her own money, Frank, and it would almost break her heart to hear that it had fallen into the hands of the enemy."

"It never shall, sir, if I can help it."

"Ah, I know that, my boy, and I'll wager a good ship against a pound of old junk that it never will," and once more he shook his hand.

Hundreds of citizens came on board to congratulate the young captain, and still the wonder grew among all classes how such a victory could be won by such a vessel, a crew that had for the most part never had any previous experience, or at least never worked together before.

The first thing to do after these impromptu congratulations were over with, was to arrange for the transfer of the two hundred and fifty prisoners to the prison ship at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where two or three thousand were already held in durance.

Meantime, ship carpenters were put to work to repair damages, for the York threatened to sink at her anchor unless her most dangerous punctures were more effectually stopped.

But, during all this excitement, the most anxious and excited person on board either of the vessels was the prisoner, Shepherd Hugle. He of course knew what was going on, and during the engagement there was certainly one wicked man's prayers being offered for the defeat of the gallant young privateer and the success of the British; for in that case he was sure of his liberty, a thing he felt decidedly shaky and uncertain about in the other instance.

But when he knew that victory again perched upon the stars and stripes, and heard the glad hurrahs which rang from the deck above him, and as joyfully answered from the deck of the Bee, his heart sunk within him and he felt like appealing for mercy. The other prisoners were first taken out, each one being given his personal property, after which Hugle was brought on deck.

Captain Tarbott was on board the Perry, having lent his help and experience in the disposal of the prisoners, and the moment Hugle came on deck he started and looked at him in surprise.

"Shep Hugle! you here?" he asked, having known the ship-owner for years.

"Yes, and you—"

"Here, Frank, where did you catch this old scorpion?" asked Tarbott, turning to Warren.

"It is an outrage, Captain Tarbott, and if you have any influence with this young man, I wish you would use it in my behalf."

"Outrage! young Captain Perry never commits an outrage—how about it, Frank?"

Captain Warren related the history of his capture in a few words.

"I thought so—I thought so. Outrage! Why, if I had been in his place I would have tied you naked to the mainmast and given you the cat, shiver my timbers if I wouldn't."

"What do you mean, sir," demanded Hugle.

"What do I mean! Why, darn me, you've got brass enough in your face to make a hundred pounder of, if you can clap your dead lights on me and ask me why. Don't I know you from keel to truck? Don't I know you for a sneak, a cur, a deceitful villain? Don't I know you to be an enemy to your country? Don't I know that you have got your ships sailing under the British flag?" cried the indignant old captain.

"Is that so, Captain Tarbott?" asked Warren, quickly.

"To be sure it is, and I know it for a fact."

"Ah! that accounts for many things. It has been a mystery for a long time what had become of his vessels.

"That accounts for them."

"Well, what business is that of yours?"

"I trust I shall yet have a chance to make it some of my business," said Warren.

"So do I, Frank, so do I. I hope you'll overhaul every one of 'em," replied Tarbott.

"You'll live long enough to repent of this, Tom Tarbott," growled Hugle.

"I only hope I shall live until I do repent of putting down sneaks and traitors."

"I shall make out the papers and send them to the authorities at once. So write what letters you wish to your family at home, for you will sail for Brooklyn in an hour," said Frank, and they left the old rascal alone.

"Thank Heaven for that privilege," muttered Hugle. "I'll write a letter that will make vengeance mine, and stop the triumphant career of this plebeian hero;" and he at once set himself about it.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE MYSTERIOUS MESSENGER.

THE prisoners taken by young Captain Warren, now honored as "Young Captain Perry," in his capture of the two British war vessels, the Bee, a brigantine, and the York, a sloop of war, were at length placed on board a transport to be taken to the prison ship at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and then the rejoicings of the people of Bridgeport, and those who had flocked into the town from far and wide, broke forth again in renewed manifestations of delight.

The writer heard the story of that reception from the lips of an old man, who, as a boy, participated in it, and from his description, it must have been a joyous, a wild and genuinely enthusiastic one.

The crew paraded on a march through the town, headed by a carriage containing young Captain Warren of the Captain Perry, and the citizens flocked out with drums and fifes to escort them; and in the evening Warren and his officers held a reception at the elegant mansion of Mr. Tarbolt, where the people, old and young, male and female, flocked to honor them.

Even the sailors were taken in charge by the citizens and entertained gloriously; so gloriously, indeed, that it was past midnight when they returned again on board their ship.

The following day the two prizes were turned over to the government, and arrangements at once made for putting the Captain Perry in complete order for another cruise.

It will be remembered that the prisoner, Shepherd Hugle, had been permitted to write a letter to his friends while on board the Perry, just before being taken to Brooklyn; but instead of directing it to his family, he sent it to one Roderick Dunbar, his confidential agent in New York.

Captain Warren read it before allowing it to go, but could see no harm in it, simply because he could not read between the lines.

The letter, however, had been directed to go by special messenger, but Warren placed it in a packet of several dozen others that had been intrusted to his care by prisoners and members of his crew, and they all went together by mail the following day.

This seriously interfered with Hugle's calculations, for he intended to have it reach his agent at least a day ahead of the time the transport would reach Brooklyn with the prisoners.

There existed in New York at that time a powerful secret band, partially supported by and pledged to oppose the war by every means in their power, and to uphold the arms of Great Britain. At the head of this organization was Roderick Dunbar, a Scotch merchant, and to whom Hugle had written by the aid of what is known as a "key."

Read without this key the letter appeared to be simply an account of his capture, and directing him regarding some business transactions which he wished him to look after. Read with the key it gave minute particulars of everything, together with the destination of the prisoners.

This was done because there were several British gunboats within easy reach of New York, who were only too ready to follow the instructions of the head of this disloyal society, and Hugle's hope was that Dunbar would get his letter in time to apprise a force sufficient to intercept the Yankee transport and retake the prisoners.

In this he was sorely disappointed, although if the letter had been carried by special post, as he had instructed, there can be but little doubt but that the project would have been carried out completely, as there were several English war vessels prowling around New York at this time, disguised in various ways, waiting for opportunities.

As it turned out, however, there was no interference, and the prisoners were delivered

at the navy yard without the loss of a single one, and, of course, Hugle was among the number.

This was almost an overwhelming blow to him, for he soon found that he was regarded as more than an ordinary prisoner of war, and even more closely guarded. And while exchanges were going on from day to day there appeared to be no disposition manifested to exchange him for anybody, or even to bring him to trial.

But the secret society before mentioned knew the situation well, and were not idle. They had a large number of spies employed, and through one of them Hugle managed to communicate with Dunbar, giving him a fuller account of his position, and suggesting a plan whereby he could get speedily exchanged.

This plan was an ingenious one, and the society, backed by competent British authority, at once began operations upon it, seeing no other immediate way of getting one of their friends out of his unhappy predicament.

Meanwhile let us return to our friends.

It took the best part of two weeks to complete the repairs upon the Captain Perry, for she had received several ugly, though not fatal wounds, in her battle with the York, and besides these repairs there were several additions and alterations which could not have been accomplished in the little village where she was built, but which her young captain could indulge in now, both because of money that would enable him to do so, and the proper facilities.

While these repairs were going on, Warren, and several of the crew who resided in Port Jefferson, crossed the Sound in a fishing smack, and paid a visit to their friends at home. And here they received another ovation, for the news of their great achievements had wrought the village up to the highest pitch of excitement, besides which, dozens of them who had been foremost in fitting out the Captain Perry were now in possession of fortunes on account of her prize money, and all within a week of the day she was launched.

The brisk little village was in its gayest dress and happiest mood, although there was no one in it who was happier than Widow Warren, the mother of the hero.

Well, after remaining here two days, during which time Hugle was well shown up, greatly to the satisfaction of most people, the prow of the fishing boat was headed for the west shore once more and the crew returned to Bridgeport.

It was the evening before the Captain Perry was to sail and young Warren was spending it pleasantly with his old friend and patron, Captain Tarbolt, while his trusty officers and crew were on board the vessel, now all ready to weigh anchor and start with the tide and wind in the morning for another cruise.

So great were the improvements that had been made upon the Perry that her crew were more proud of her than ever before, as well they might have been, for everything which could in any way enhance her beauty had been applied, and from the highest to the lowest all were ready and anxious for the coming cruise.

Frank Warren and Captain Tarbolt were alone in the old sailor's cabin, as he called it, busily talking over the prospects of the war and the brilliant victories that had crowned the American navy in such rapid succession.

"Oh, if these blooming landlubbers would only do as well as the sailors are doing, we could knock England into a junk shop in another year," said the bluff old captain.

"That is so," replied Warren, thoughtfully.

"But what can you expect of chaps brought up on land and fresh water? Why, dash my keelson, but I think the sailor men will have to lick thunder out of England on the water and then go ashore and finish the job."

While they were both laughing over the idea, Mary Kelsey knocked on the door.

"Heave ahead, my hearty!" cried the old salt, whereat his beautiful niece entered.

"There is a strange man in the kitchen, Uncle Tom, who wishes to see you," she said.

"Won't he show his name or where he hails from?"

"No; he says he has a message for you."

"All right, tow him alongside and let me speak him," said he.

The young lady retired and soon after returned, preceding a middle-aged man dressed in a slouch hat, and long coat that reached below his boot tops.

He paused on the threshold and fixed his glance on young Warren.

"Ship ahoy! What haul have you?" asked Captain Tarbolt, without rising.

"Are we alone, cap'n?" asked the stranger, in a deep voice.

"Alone? Why, darn me, yes—Frank and I are one. Draw alongside and anchor to a chair. Who are you?" he asked, as the stranger, with some hesitation, took a seat.

"My name's Harris, and I'm from New York," replied the man.

"Indeed! What's the news?"

"Very stirring, sir."

"Umph; so I've hearn. Belay that and pay off on your other brace," said the captain, looking him severely in the eye.

The stranger winced and glanced hastily from one to the other, feeling, evidently, that he had aroused the suspicion of both.

"What brace, cap'n?" he finally asked.

"Oh, come up before the wind and clap a stopper on your tacking around. What's yer business with me?"

"Well, cap'n, I'm yer friend."

"So's Old Nick, for aught I know. Which way are you steering, anyhow?"

"You are in danger, cap'n," said he, glancing suspiciously towards the door.

"That's good; I like danger. Where-away?"

"From New York."

"Oh, come now, speak out. What the thunder is the matter with your running gear, anyhow?"

"Well, you know Shepherd Hugle?"

"Yes, rot him, yes; what of it."

"He is a prisoner at Brooklyn."

"I hope so; why?"

"He belongs to a powerful secret organization in New York."

"It's a mean one, then, I'll bet."

"It acts in the interests of England."

"I'd swear you're telling the truth now."

"I know I am, cap'n."

"Well, where's the end of this coil?" asked Tarbolt, showing his impatience.

"That society is workin' in his behalf."

"With the government? I'll write to the president all about him right away."

"No—no, not with the government, but they have been plotting for an exchange."

"Exchange? Who can they expect to exchange for that rascal, I wonder?"

"They have settled upon a certain civilian whom they think the Americans would be glad to exchange."

"But civilians are not taken prisoners," said young Warren, speaking for the first time.

"True, to a certain extent, young man, but there be those who pass for civilians, yet who are nevertheless secretly engaged in warfare against Great Britain."

Tarbolt and Warren exchanged glances.

"Go on—pay out all your line."

"Well, to come down to the point, you are the person they have resolved to make a prisoner of, believing that the American authorities will be glad to exchange for you, man for man."

"The dickens!"

"How do they propose to do this?" asked Warren.

"Kidnap him!"

"By the great horn spoon, they'll have a good time doing it, that they will," said Tarbolt, leaping to his feet and seizing a cutlass that hung over the mantelpiece. "They'll find that my old timbers are sound yet."

"But there's strength in numbers, cap'n."

"That is so, sir," added Warren.

"When do they propose to do this job?"

"To-morrow night."

"How do you know this to be so?" asked Warren.

"I got one of the spies drunk, and he told me all about it, and thinking I might turn an honest penny by giving you warning, I have ridden like Tam O'Shanter to tell you."

Warren eyed the stranger closely, for there was something about him he did not like.

"Well, messmate, that's sorter good in you, and I guess I can afford to pay you for your trouble. What do you say about it, Frank?"

"I have no doubt but that there is such an organization in New York, for I have often heard it spoken of," he replied.

"Yes, so have I," mused Tarbolt.

"And furthermore I have no doubt but that Shepherd Hugle belongs to it, and that they will resort to anything to get him free. But the complication would be bad for you."

"In what respect?"

"Because the authorities would have no power to exchange you for Hugle. It would be one of those cases that would have to go to Washington and the Supreme Court before it could be decided."

"That's so, young man," said the stranger.

"I understand it, but they've got to catch their rabbit before they make their complicated pot-pie. Now that I know their game I'll take very good care that they don't catch me."

"Come on board the Perry with me, and then let them take you," said Warren, at which a peculiar smile flitted over the face of the messenger.

"I'll do it, Frank; when do you say this plot was to be carried out?"

"To-morrow night."

"Oh, well, I've time enough to arrange my affairs at home, and you can delay sailing a few hours, of course," he added to Warren.

"Certainly."

"Now, then, my friend, what is your name?" he asked, turning to the messenger.

"William Harris."

"And how much will repay you for this?"

"I leave it to your own generosity, cap'n."

"Well, say a hundred dollars?"

"That will satisfy me; but, of course, you will never repeat my name so that it would be known that I warned you, and I must not be found in town when the kidnappers come."

"Oh, certainly."

"How many do you think they will send, and how will they most likely come?" asked Warren.

"Probably twenty-five, dressed like citizen travelers. They will suddenly surround the house and secure their prisoner with as little noise as possible."

"Frank, wouldn't it be better after all to bring a portion of your crew here, and with the few friends I can muster quietly, give them a warm reception when they come for me?"

"That would be a grand idea," said the mysterious messenger, heartily, so heartily that it caused Warren to start, and for an instant almost doubt his suspicions. "I would like to stay and assist you."

"Well, you may," said Tarbolt, as he was again counting the gold that he had placed upon the table.

"But I must return to-night."

"Indeed. Fifty—what say you, Frank?"

"At fighting them?"

"Yes. Seventy—I'd like it and I know you would. Eighty—what say?"

"Yes, I'd like it, but it cannot be done," replied the young captain.

"Ninety—why not?"

"Because we haven't time."

"One hundred—why, yes, we have. Here—here is one hundred dollars in gold," he added, shoving a yellow pile towards the messenger. "What do you mean, Frank?"

"I will show you, Captain Tarbolt," he replied, drawing a pair of pistols and covering the messenger, who had arisen to take the gold. "Throw up your hands, or you will not live long enough to play the spy again!"

The messenger started back in alarm, but seeing the determination on the face of the young hero, he reluctantly obeyed, at the same time stammering over some questions as to what was meant by such a proceeding.

"What is it, Frank—what's the trouble?" asked Captain Tarbolt, seizing his cutlass.

"Breakers ahead?"

"Yes, and dangerous ones. Search that man and you may find out something."

"Great guns! What is it—who are you?"

"I have told you, cap'n."

"You have lied! You are the leader of this band you speak of, and your men are already here."

"Great gales!" exclaimed Tarbolt.

"It is false!"

"If so, you can easily prove it."

"Hold fast, Frank, and let me take a turn on his flippers," said the old man, at once going to a closet near the fire place and bringing forth a strong cord.

"Is this what you call gratitude?" asked the messenger, as he cowered before Warren's pistols."

"No, it is what we call treachery."

"There you are, my hearty," said Tarbolt, as he secured the man's arms behind him.

"Now, if you can, please explain why you came here disguised, if you came as a friend?"

"Disguised? Blast my old deadlights, I didn't notice it!" said Tarbolt.

"It is false!"

"How is that?" asked Warren, pulling a set of false whiskers from his face.

"The fiend take the villain!"

"I—I can explain all that; I didn't wish my identity known."

"You scoundrel! If you aren't Joe Willis, douse my glim forever!" exclaimed Tarbolt, suddenly recognizing him after the disguise had been torn away.

## CHAPTER VIII. SURROUNDED BY ENEMIES.

THE prisoner cowered before his captors.

"Yes, blast my binnacle lights if you ain't Joe Willis, one of my worst enemies," again said the astonished old captain.

"You know him, do you?" asked Warren.

"Know him? Know him from keel to truck. He used to sail with me, but he was so bad that I had to have him arrested for mutiny."

"Just the man for the company he comes in."

"Will you not allow me to go? Never mind the gold. I don't want it," said Willis.

"No, sir; you can't go until we satisfy ourselves that you are alone and can do no harm. Have you a trusty man about the place, captain?"

"Yes, there's old Marlin, but I guess he has turned in by this time," said he, referring to an old supernuated sailor who had sailed with him for twenty years or more, and was now living with him because of having no other home.

"Rout him out! I want him to take a message on board the Perry. My belief is that we are at this moment surrounded by this fellow's band, and that they are only waiting for him to return and report."

"As likely as not, for darn me, he is capable of doing anything," replied Tarbolt, hastening away to arouse the trusty old sailor.

"What do you intend to do with me?" asked the prisoner when they were alone.

"Deal justly with you."

"Our ideas of justice may not be alike."

"I am very certain they are not."

"I'll give you a thousand dollars to let me go."

"Do I look like a man that could be bribed?"

"Well, call it a trade, then. You have made a mistake, and you can take a thousand dollars and escape the consequences of it."

"I spurn your money, but I court the consequences. So be silent."

At that moment Captain Tarbolt returned, accompanied by an old sailor, to whom he had given the outlines of the situation. He also recognized Willis.

"Ho, ho! so the cantankerous lubber has turned up a pirate, hey? Waal, I know'd as how he could not do any good," said he.

"Here, Marlin, you know where the Perry lies, don't you?" asked Warren.

"Ay—ay, God bless her! she swings at her anchor off the old ship yard," said he.

"All right. Do you know how you can reach her without going through any of the public roads?"

"Yes, sir; there's the old sheep lane that skirts around by the water."

"Take it, and get a boat and row alongside until you are challenged by the watch. Then you give three whistles, and he will tell you to row alongside and ask for to-night's watch word, when you will say: 'Red, white, blue.'

Then he will ask your business, and you tell him that you come from me with an important message for Lieut. Bailey. This will admit you on board, and when you see the officer, tell him to call up the morning watch, armed to the teeth, and march with them to this house, keeping a close watch for surprises. Do you understand?"

"Ay—ay, sir!"

"And understand that the town may be full of this rascal's followers, and that you must avoid them at all hazards."

"Ay—ay, sir! But I say, cap'n, can't yer put a shot in the old locker?" he asked, turning with a smile to Tarbolt.

"Of course—here it is," said he, pointing to a decanter of rum. "And here are a couple of bull-dogs that may come handy," he added, placing a pair of large brass pistols on the table.

"But don't use them unless your life or freedom is in danger," said Warren.

"Ay—ay, sir," replied the old sailor, after he had swallowed a good horn of rum, and the next moment he had left the house.

"Now, Joe Willis, we shall soon see if you are a greater scoundrel than I have always known you to be heretofore. But, darn my old hulk, if I find that you have come here and was on the point of taking any money before betraying me. I'll send you to prison with your glims doused, your chewing gear mixed up, and your stern-post knocked in by twenty good kicks!" said Tarbolt.

"Curses on you both! But, unless your men come within the next fifteen minutes, I shall triumph after all and take you both."

"Oh, then you admit that I was right?" said Warren.

"I admit nothing. Learn by experience."

"Well, you are safe at all events, and if they come before our friends do we'll give them a reception so warm that it will melt the tar in their seams, darn me, if we don't," and the old captain brought out about a dozen pistols of various kinds, together with four rifles and a shot-gun, all of which he proceeded to load.

Willis watched operations with a sneer on his face, and all the while the old man was at work, he was berating him most bitterly, bringing up his conduct in past years when he had tried to make a man of him. Warren meanwhile was keeping guard over the rascal.

While all this was going on, Mary Kelsey had not been disturbed, having retired to her chamber some time before, where she slept in blissful ignorance of danger, dreaming only of the noble youth who had won her heart, and who for the time being was beneath the same roof.

"Now, then, let 'em come on," said Captain Tarbolt, as he finished loading the last piece.

"Let's secure this fellow and take a look from the upper windows," suggested Warren.

"A good idea," and with a stout piece of cord they tied Willis into a heavy mahogany chair in such a way as to completely prevent him from moving.

"Hark! what was that?" asked Warren.

"Take what weapons you can carry and we'll soon find out what it is," said the brave old captain, seizing a lot and leading the way up-stairs.

## CHAPTER IX. A DOUBLE SURPRISE.

THERE was a suspicious movement in the shrubbery of the garden surrounding Captain Tarbolt's house, and he, with young Captain Warren, armed with a dozen loaded guns and pistols, were creeping up-stairs for the purpose of investigating it.

It was now past midnight and the little town of Bridgeport was wrapped in slumber.

Joe Willis, the spy, was securely bound in a room below where they had just left him.

The two captains suspected that the house was surrounded by a band of royalists who had come from New York for the purpose of kidnapping one or both of them, hoping to effect an exchange of prisoners and thereby free Shepherd Hugle, an influential member of this secret traitorous society.

Old Marlin had been dispatched to Captain Perry for assistance, but it now looked as though it would come too late, and Tarbolt and Warren had resolved to defend themselves to the very last.

The upper portion of the house was wholly dark, and they stole softly to an open window that overlooked the front portion of the garden.

Patiently waiting a moment they saw two men stealing up one of the paths towards the house.

"As I suspected," said young Warren.

"A curse upon them," growled Tarbolt, seizing one of the rifles.

"Hold! Wait until the very last; wait until they make an attempt to break into the house, and thus gain all the time we can for Lieut. Bailey to come up."

"Well, perhaps you are right, but I'm itching to practice on the rascals."

"You won't have to wait long. See, there are two more stealing up the other path."

"Yes, and yonder stands another group."

"They are evidently anxious about their leader, and are trying to find out what he is doing. Possibly and probably they have in-

structions to charge upon the house if he does not return to them at a certain time."

"Yes; don't you know what Willis said?"

"Certainly."

This conversation was carried on in whispers, for fear of being overheard.

They waited a few moments longer, when four of the men outside approached the front door, and one of them rapped upon it.

"What do you want?" demanded Captain Tarbolt, from a window above them.

This caused them all to start back, and those not so near at hand to sneak under cover. It was a question, too, which they seemed not exactly prepared to answer, for they undoubtedly expected to get a response from their leader.

"Who are you?" one of them finally asked.

"None of your business. What do you want?"

"We—we want a man who came in here a short time ago."

"Who is he?"

"That is none of your business. He came here a little while ago, and if he doesn't come out we shall go in after him."

"You'll have a bloody nice time doing it. I know you, you dastardly lubbers, and know your errand, but you've missed stays."

There was a consultation carried on in an undertone in the garden below them.

"Keep back, Captain Tarbolt, for most likely they will fire on us," whispered Warren.

"All right, my boy, you stay here by this window and I'll go to the one in the next chamber, then we won't be in each other's way," saying which he was just picking up an armful of his weapons when a pistol shot crashed through the window and lodged in the ceiling beyond.

"I thought so. Be careful Frank," said the old man, going from the room.

This shot aroused the household and the nearest neighbors, for everybody slept lightly in those troublesome times, but of course self-defense was the first law to be regarded.

"Who is there?" asked Mary Kelsey, coming to the door of the chamber.

"It is me, Mary," said her uncle.

"Who fired that shot?"

"The house is surrounded by a lot of rascals who have come up from New York to kidnap me; but do not be alarmed, we can beat them off."

"Mercy on me! Where is Frank?"

"In the east room. Keep perfectly cool and all will be well. Don't go near the windows."

"But let me remain with you, uncle," pleaded the beautiful girl.

"No—no! Keep below decks," said he, going into the next chamber.

Tremblingly and reluctantly she obeyed, and at once proceeded to dress herself, but had scarcely begun to do so, however, before a shot fired from the next room startled her.

It also startled one of the ruffians in the garden, who received it in the leg.

This aroused the whole gang, for by this time it had become evident to them that their leader had fallen into a trap and had been taken prisoner; and so a secret signal was given, and twenty or thirty men leaped out of the darkness and made a charge upon the front door, intending to break it in, release their leader and secure the object of their search.

But two shots, one from Warren and one from Tarbolt, quickly followed by two more, sent three of them to grass, badly wounded, and created a panic among them, during which they drew off and got under cover.

But it would never do to give it up so, for the town would become alarmed, and then they might themselves be captured instead of capturing their intended victim. What was done had to be quickly done, yet all the while that this consultation was going on Captain Tarbolt was sending now and then a shot into the nearest clumps of bushes where he thought a rascal might be in hiding.

The next move was to scatter so as to attack the house on all four sides, believing that there were but two defenders in it, and this they cautiously proceeded to do, stealing along in the thick shrubbery so as to avoid being seen by those above them.

Without loss of time they began to smash in the windows at the back of the house, and although both Warren and Tarbolt fired wherever they saw a target, it soon became

evident that they could not defend the whole house.

Crash—crash! in went the windows, and the ruffians began to enter the house.

Only one room contained a light, and they naturally made a rush for it.

There they found the leader bound and gagged; but to cut the cords which held him was only the work of a moment, and by that time the entire band had entered the house.

"Quick! up-stairs with you and secure the rascals before the town is in arms," said Willis, the moment the gag was removed from his mouth.

A rush was made for the broad hallway for the purpose of reaching the stairs, when a file of sailors confronted them with cocked pistols.

They surged back and attempted to escape by the window, but here again they were met by the gleaming muzzles of a dozen pistols.

"Surrender!" cried Lieut. Bailey, who had led his party in at the front door which Mary, seeing help march towards the house, had unbolted.

"Surrender, gosh darn yer ugly picters!" cried Josiah Butterberry, leaping through the window into the room.

Completely surrounded and foiled, the entire party threw down their arms and surrendered just as Warren and Tarbolt came down-stairs.

"Trappers trapped," said Warren.

"Yes, blast their fresh water timbers. How do you like it now, Joe Willis?" asked Captain Tarbolt.

"You have barely won, and that is all."

"Waal, an inch is a good as a mile in this case," said Butterberry.

"Captain Tarbolt, have you got line enough to secure them all?" asked Warren.

"If I haven't, darn me if I don't tear up the sheets on the bunks," said he.

"Good. We'll secure the whole lot and march them off to jail together, a fit place for such a cowardly lot of rascals."

"That's so. Come, Marlin, bear a hand," he said, going into a store room.

"Guess yer peppered two or three of 'em, captain. We seen um a-layin' out in the garden lookin' sorter discouraged," said Butterberry.

"It would have been no great loss if we had killed the entire lot of them."

"That's so," said Lieut. Bailey.

"Here we are," said Captain Tarbolt, at that moment returning with an extra lantern and a coil of half cord.

"Secure them with their hands behind them, in regular chain gang style," said Warren.

"Yes, and give each one of them a regular sailor knot," added Tarbolt.

"It's a goshdarn pity we can't give um a hangman's knot," suggested Butterberry.

"Oh, they'll come to that yet," said Bailey, as he assisted in forcing the sullen rascals into line for tying together.

"You won't get any exchange business out of this affair, Joe Willis. You'll find this is a civil affair, and you'll be treated like burglars," said Captain Tarbolt, while securing him at the head of the gang.

"Don't be so certain of your triumph, old man. He laughs best who laughs last," replied Willis.

"Well, if that's so, Satan will have a jolly time when you get your dues."

"All secured?" asked Warren.

"Ay, ay, sir," replied several.

"Now go through their pockets for weapons of any kind, for we don't want to give robbers any chance to get the advantage."

This was done, and quite a little armory gathered together.

"Now, then, two or three more lanterns if you have them to spare."

"Here comes a lantern," said Bailey, as one of the neighbors came timidly in to find out what the trouble was.

In fact, as many as a dozen of them came in, each one armed with some weapon or other, and carrying a lantern.

These were very handy, and after giving them a hasty explanation, the prisoners were marched out into the road, and then in the direction of the jail, followed by a constantly increasing crowd of armed citizens, who, when they learned the cause of the alarm, were only too anxious to assist in escorting them to the common jail.

Lieutenant Bailey, with three marines, and the ship's surgeon, were left behind to attend

to those who had been wounded, for they were to follow their more fortunate companions after their wounds had been dressed.

By this time everybody in Bridgeport had heard the news, and of course there was no more sleep that night, so excited did the people become over the outrage. In fact, a town meeting was organized, and a company of Minute Men enlisted for general defense against lawless tories, as those people were called who favored Great Britain.

But Captain Tarbolt did not neglect the business in hand until after the rascals had been received into the jail, and placed where they could do no further harm right away.

Then he procured a wagon and had the wounded ones conveyed thither, getting through with it, and back to his disquieted home just at daylight, finding a large number of citizens there.

Captain Warren and his men then marched back to the Captain Perry, leaving their old friend out of danger, and getting on board just in time to go upon their regular morning watch.

But one and all felt greatly pleased at the result of the work they had started upon, for in those days a true patriot hated a Tory worse, if possible, than he did an armed Englishman.

## CHAPTER X.

### "AFLOAT—AFLOAT! ONCE MORE AFLOAT!"

WHEN the tide served the Captain Perry weighed anchor, and spreading her gleaming sails to the morning sun, glided gracefully out into Long Island Sound, cheered by spectators on shore, while from every craft in the port came ringing huzzas, and loud well-wishes for the splendid brigantine and her gallant captain. And loudly back from her lusty crew went assuring songs which told how confident and ready for duty they were.

Once well under way and headed east, the officer of the watch, Lieut. Burton, assumed command, and Captain Warren and the morning watch turned in for needed rest.

The wind came fair and free from the south and the tight little craft, with every inch of canvas set, was cleaving her way through green-blue waters at the rate of twelve knots an hour, showing even better speed than did the vessel first built from the same mold. And the writer has lately been informed by an old ship carpenter, that the Captain Perry possessed almost the very same lines and model that were in the renowned schooner yacht. Wanderer, that some twenty odd years ago astonished the world by outsailing the fastest steam war vessels of England, who were trying to capture her as she was escaping from the coast of Africa with a cargo of slaves, and she was built at the same place as the Perry was.

The crew was in the best of spirits, those off duty being gathered on the forecastle deck engaged in singing songs, spinning yarns, or in talking over the late sensational events.

A trusty lookout was stationed on the fore crosstrees, and another on the kinghead, to assist and warn the man at the wheel. The guns were all ready for action, as was everything else about the ship, and away they were merrily sailing toward the eastern end of Long Island, keeping a sharp lookout for any suspicious craft on either side of their course.

Josiah Butterberry was holding the attention of his messmates by telling a yarn that was a stunner in every sense of the word, but which he insisted was true. And so the sail went on for several hours, interrupted only by various orders given for the working of the ship.

"Troth, b'y's, I wonder how them spalpeens feel this mornin'?" asked Tim O'Toole, referring to the prisoners they had taken a few hours before.

"Guess they don't feel very lonesome, seein' as how they're all in together," said Butterberry, laughing.

"It war a werry neat bit o' business," mused Bill Bowline, and for once without a growl.

"You are right it was. But I wonder who is going to pay Captain Tarbolt for the damage they did his house?" asked Lieut. Burton, who chanced to overhear the remark.

"Oh, he'll never think of that so long as he has the rascals in irons," said Jack Harkins; "and, depend upon it, he will never slip the cable on them till they are tried and sentenced."

"Fool if he does."

"Did you see the lovely pair of black eyes the old fellow gave the cap'n of the gang?"

"Yes. I tell you he is a tough one to deal with."

At that moment Captain Warren appeared at the head of the companionway, and stood for a moment getting his bearings, having been asleep three or four hours.

"Thar's ther boss boy of America!" said Bill Bowline, speaking in an undertone, at which they all nodded approval. "I might'er been a boss boy myself," he added, as Warren turned to make some inquiry of the man at the wheel, "but I didn't think of it early 'nough." This was his customary growl.

The term "boss" was used by sailors many years before it became common on land.

"Waal, Bill, you didn't forget to be a boss old man, anyhow," said Butterberry, which evoked a hearty "ay, ay!" from the crew.

"Waal, lads, I try to be as good as I can," replied Bill, evidently touched by the good will of his messmates so heartily expressed. "Wish I had a double mess of grog all around for yer."

"Faix, it's near grog toime now, Bill, so don't taze our anxiety by spakin' av it," said O'Toole, smacking his lips.

"That's so. I say, Pompey, I feel as how it was about grog time," said Butterberry to the colored cook, who just then came out of the galley.

"Who dat yer?" he asked, stopping with a pan of dishwater in his hand that he was about to throw overboard.

"It's me."

"Golly! might'er know'd dat. Guess it war your gullet dat war a-spokin'. It am allus grog time wid dat," replied Pompey, laughing, and showing an opening of a mouth that looked like a graveyard.

"Troth, I've the same koind of a gullet," said Tim O'Toole.

"Come up with that 'ere grog, yer black son of a gun," growled Bowline.

"Now, boys, 'bout five minits mo' an' it am grog time, so don't get der buttons off yer shuts" replied Pompey, going into the galley.

But it was not long before he returned with a grog mess for each man, a thing that cheers the sailor's heart more than a mess of grub does.

"Messmates, here's a toast," said Bill Bowline. "Here's to the American Eagle! May he claw that 'ere British lion till he can't wag his tail!"

It is unnecessary to say that the toast was drank with all the honors and heartiness that American sailors could infuse into it.

"You are perfectly familiar with the course, are you not?" asked Captain Warren, of Burton.

"Know every bucket of water in the Sound, captain," replied Burton, cheerfully.

"What point is this here on our starboard quarter?"

"Old Man's Point. Have you never heard of it?"

"Oh, yes, often. But I haven't sailed up the Sound since I was a boy, and have forgotten nearly all I ever knew about the points."

"There is one of the finest springs of water on that point that was ever known. Sailors often call there to fill their casks. But did you never hear of the old witch who lives there?"

"Never; or at least if I have it has slipped from my mind. What of her?" he asked, with some curiosity.

"Well, she is a strange creature. Nobody knows how old she is, or how many years she has been there. She lives in a cave on the west side of the headland there, and supports herself by fishing and trapping. Sailors call her 'the Witch of Old Man's Well,' and tell wonderful stories of her powers of divination."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; I saw her once years ago. She stood on the rocks spearing fish. The wind was blowing quite hard and the waves dashed around her in white fury, but she heeded them not and kept on with her work. It was the most weird-looking picture that I ever saw, and will never be driven from my memory."

"Can she tell fortunes?"

"So they say, and even tell your name before you speak to her."

"That is wonderful," mused Warren.

"Say we go ashore and see her. We can

take a water cask along to hide our errand."

"Yes, I would like to see her."

"And to test her powers, let us both of us dress as ordinary seamen."

"Good! Forward there!" he called, turning.

"Ay, ay, sir!" and the whole mess sprang to their feet in an instant.

"Butterberry and O'Toole, get up an empty water cask, place it in the gig, lower away and take us ashore. Hard a larboard with your helm!"

"Ay—ay, sir," cried the man at the wheel.

"Let go the starboard braces—haul in on your larboard lines, and bring the vessel up before the wind!"

"Ay—ay, sir!" came the response, as all hands sprang forward to obey orders.

"Bring her up in the wind's eye and lay off and on until our return."

"Ay—ay, sir!"

Young Warren and his lieutenant went below to exchange their uniforms for the dress of common sailors, and by the time they came on deck again the brigantine had lost her headway, and her sails were flapping in the wind.

A pull of half a mile brought them to the shore, and after landing, Lieut. Burton led the way to the spring, which gushed from the hillside in a copious stream only a few rods from where the old witch resided in her cave.

Coming to the stream, the captain and his officer left the two men to fill the keg, while they went in search of the remarkable woman.

The day was bright and beautiful, and they had gone but a short distance around the point of the headland when they came suddenly upon her.

She was sitting on a high rock which overlooked the sound, and her gaze appeared to be so fixed upon something in the distance that she did not seem to notice the approach of any one, and Captain Warren hesitated.

As she sat there with her long, straggling white hair floating in the wind—as were her tattered garments—standing out in bold relief against the clear blue sky, she formed a picture more wild and weird than is often seen in real life. She seemed like one of the witches in Macbeth snatched from the blasted heath and set down to meditate upon what mischief was in store for some modern man.

"Come on, let's speak with her," said Burton, seeing his superior falter.

"Of course I do not fear her, but there is something so fantastical and unearthly about her that I somehow dread to attract her attention," replied Warren, in a low tone of voice.

"She certainly can do us no harm."

"Perhaps not; but now that I have seen her, I feel that I had rather return than to enter into conversation with her. Looking at her as she now sits, I have scarcely any hesitancy in admitting that she has something supernatural about her, like the witches of Macbeth."

"Well, let us be like Macbeth and Banquo, and speak to her. Neither of us has any cause to fear, if she has the power to look upon the seeds of time and say which one will grow and which will not."

"That is so; lead on," said Warren, finally, and they continued the ascent toward where she sat, like a queen of Hecate's land, upon her throne.

She did not move until they had arrived within a few feet of her, when she suddenly looked up and fixed her retreating black eyes upon them inquiringly.

"Who comes here—who comes here—who comes here?" she demanded, in a shrill tone of voice.

"Sailors," replied Burton, quickly.

"Yes—yes—yes, I see."

"We left our shipmates at the spring filling a cask with water."

"Yes, you came from yonder craft."

"You saw us coming ashore?"

"No, but any fool could guess as much. You did not come for water. Ships do not sail from ports so nigh without a supply of water. You came to know your fate."

The two men exchanged glances.

"Do you know it?"

"I can read it clearly. Yon is a war vessel, and you are her captain," said she, rising and pointing her long skinny finger at Frank Warren.

"Captain?" asked Burton.

"Yes; and you are second in command."

Come hither and let me see your face closer, and your hand, boy," she added.

Warren slowly approached her, and bending down, she glared into his face with the fixed glare of a serpent.

"Yes, I am not mistaken, you are the captain; you were born to command. Let me see your hand," she added, pointing to it.

Without a word he extended it.

"Frank Warren—Young Captain Perry—born to be my country's scourge," said she, with great vehemence of voice and gesture.

"Your country's?" asked Warren.

"Yes, I am a daughter of accursed Albion."

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE WITCH OF "OLD MAN'S POINT."

FIERCE and wild as had been the conduct and conversation of the old witch up to this point, she became even more so, although gradually with some dejection, as she continued to repeat:

"Yes, I am a daughter of accursed Albion!"

"You appear to have seen trouble," said Frank Warren, after a moment's silence, during which she still held his hand and thrilled him through and through with her own weird convulsions.

"No—no—no! I forgot, I have always been happy. But what is it to you, young man, whether I have or have not?" she asked, fiercely.

"Perhaps nothing, or at least no more than to any person with the ordinary instincts of humanity. I beg your pardon," said Warren.

"If you have any of the weak instincts of humanity, cast them away; they do not become a warrior. Be rash, be brutal if you would succeed in this world. I knew a warrior once, Nero Pierrey was his name. You never knew him? No—no, you are a boy and he is an old man now. But he was young once himself. He won his way to fame and honor by duplicity and falsehood. He also won a young girl's affections. Oh, where is that young girl now? But that is none of your business. Be bold and resolute. You have begun well, continue. But I see that you are too noble by nature to reach so great a height as Nero Pierrey did in the same way. But continue and success will attend you. I see your future all mapped out before me; it is a glorious one."

"I hope so," said Warren, softly.

"Mars and Neptune twinkled brightly when you were born. You are beloved by a beautiful girl; win her if you can, for she is worthy of you. But you will have rivals."

"Can you tell me regarding this cruise?"

"Yes; you will meet danger and come face to face with death. But there is a rich prize," she added, after hesitating a moment.

"Where?"

"On the ocean, within three days' sail of New York. It is a richly laden East Indian, and your greatest danger lies before reaching her."

"But shall I reach her?" he asked, earnestly.

"The solution of that question is within yourself. Ask me no more," she added, waving her hand.

"But what of me?" asked Burton.

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"You will be known through your captain. But you are worthy of him. Begone, both of you," and she waved them away with both of her bony, outstretched arms.

"May we not repay you?" asked Warren.

"Yes. Bring Nero Pierrey to me. Begone!" and by this time her gesticulations had become so violent that there was nothing else to be done but to go away and leave her.

Without exchanging scarcely a word they made their way down the bluff, and started to rejoin Butterberry and O'Toole at the boat.

These two worthies had filled the water-cask at the spring and had just got it loaded into the boat again, when Warren and Burton returned.

There was scarcely a word spoken while the boat was being pulled back to the brigantine. To the two sailors the visit was a mystery which the looks of the two officers now made more of one than ever, and to Warren and his lieutenant it was of too serious an import to converse upon in the presence of those not knowing of it.

On regaining the deck of the Captain

Perry, sail was again made, and the brigantine once more put upon her course for the eastern end of Long Island.

Captain Warren and Burton separated on coming aboard, and Warren was left to himself in his cabin, and to the reflections consequent upon his interview with the strange creature who had been so pointed in her prophecies.

"What can be the meaning of this?" he asked aloud, as he threw himself upon his bunk. "Was she man, woman, or demon? She might be either, for they say the demon can speak truly. She spoke my name and told me what I had done and would yet do! For that much I can but thank her. How should she know how I feel towards Mary Kelsey when I have never confessed to her—hardly to myself—that I loved her? There is something strange in all this, and I almost blame myself for having consulted such a questionable source of information, for fear that I have in some way affiliated with the powers of darkness who keep the word of promise to our eyes, but break it to our hearts. What of the rich prize she spoke of? 'On the ocean, within three days' sail of New York,' she said. But may not this be a trap she is setting for me? She avowed herself a daughter of Albion, and may she not be working in England's interest even while urging me on? I must bear this in mind. No; what she said shall not weigh upon my course at all. I have started for a cruise around Long Island, and nothing but a superior power in Heaven above or earth below shall prevent me."

After musing thus for sometime, he got up and exchanged his sailor suit for the more becoming one of a naval captain, and soon after made his appearance on deck.

"Lieutenant," said he, addressing Burton, "do not mention this affair to anyone. There is a certain amount of mystery about it, but I am not inclined to be influenced by it in any way. Sometime in the future we can talk the matter over with more interest than now, and, besides, if it should get out among the men that we had been consulting the powers of darkness, or questionable powers, at all events, the effect might not be good. It might look like weakness in me, at any rate."

"You are right, captain, and I shall obey you. But isn't she a strange mortal?"

"Yes, if mortal he, she, or it may be."

"Oh, I guess she is a woman fast enough," replied Burton, laughing.

"She may have been once, but there are but few, if any, evidences of her being so now. At all events, beyond the feeling of a curiosity gratified, I am ashamed of having gone there."

"It will never be known, sir, unless you grant me leave to speak of it."

"Thanks. Now to business. How is she sailing?" he asked, turning to the wheelman.

"North-north-east, sir," was the reply.

"And if this breeze will only continue, as I think it will, it will take us out of all sailing danger before dark," said Burton.

"I hope so."

"Sail ho!" shouted the lookout at the mast-head, and instantly everybody was on their feet.

"Where away?"

"On our starboard quarter."

"What do you make her out to be?"

"She lies low against the shore so that I cannot make her out very well, but she looks like a merchantman."

Captain Warren took his telescope and sprang into the shrouds and flew up the ratlines like one well used to the business.

He gazed on the distant vessel, which was bound west, for some time without uttering a word, while all hands below were straining their eyes to catch a glimpse of the stranger.

Finally, after looking at it for fully five minutes he called to the man at the wheel to alter the course of the vessel a point or two to the north, so as to come upon the stranger, and then again resumed watching her.

Of course the men on deck were speculating among themselves regarding the vessel, but they felt convinced that there was no danger ahead, or the captain would have given some orders before this time.

"Guess he can't make her out," suggested Lieut. Bailey, who had come upon deck.

"It's rather thick off there to the north. It may be a merchantman of some kind hugging the shore for fear of privateers," said Burton.

"Those are the very craft we like to fall in with," replied Bailey.

"Ah, here comes the captain," said Burton, as he saw Warren begin slowly to descend.

"What do you make it out to be?"

"I'll be hanged if I know. You take the glass and go aloft, Burton, and see if you can make her out," replied Warren.

The next moment he was scrambling up the ratlines.

"She looks like a merchantman, but may be something else in disguise," said Warren.

"And if she was a fighter in disguise would she be too big for us?" asked Bailey.

"She is big enough for a seventy-four, but in case she is that, I don't understand why she is skulking along and hugging the shore so. Aloft there!"

"Ay, sir."

"What do you make her out?"

"I think she is a merchantman, sir."

"Don't she show any flag?"

"No, sir, not that I can see."

"Does she hold her course?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then she isn't looking for us, I guess. Set up the flying topsail and give her all she can carry."

"Ay, ay, sir" was the hearty response of the sailors as they sprang to obey the order.

"Keep her off a point more and take every ounce of wind you can get."

"Ay, ay, sir" from the wheelman.

"If she doesn't alter her course we will soon know who and what she is," mused Warren.

By this time Lieut. Burton had reached the deck, the lookout remaining aloft.

"She looks like a clumsy West Indian as much as anything, but what she is doing creeping along in shore with a full press of canvas on is more than I can understand," said he, closing the glass.

"Bailey, you go aloft and see if you can make her out any better than we have."

"Yes, sir," and taking the glass, he started.

"She may be a richly-laden Englishman—who knows!"

"I hope she may prove to be, and in that case it is only natural that she should try to steal into port in that way. But yet I can't understand why she should try to make New York this way."

"Perhaps she thinks it safer than by way of Sandy Hook."

"I only hope she thinks so," mused Warren.

By this time the Captain Perry was bowling along at a rattling rate, headed so as to come right upon the stranger, be she what she might, and everybody was in a state of anxiety, of course, respecting the result.

In the course of an hour they had come so near that they could easily make the stranger out to be a full-rigged ship, evidently a merchantman, but of what nation they could not tell, as she displayed no flag.

Finally, when near enough, Captain Warren sighted the swivel gun, Mary, and fired a solid shot just across her bows, giving them—most likely—the first hint of the presence of a privateer.

The effect was not long in being seen, for the ship at once came up before the wind and hove to with all dexterity, but still showed no flag.

"She's a merchant tub!" was the exclamation from all, as they watched her actions.

"Yas, no fight!" growled Bill Bowline, with a look of the utmost disgust.

"Bejabbers, but there's atin' an' drinkin' on board av her, an' that's next ter foightin'," replied Tim O'Toole.

"Yas, by gosh, an' take it when a chap's good an' hungry, it's better'n fightin'," said Josiah Butterberry.

"She's deeply laden, at all events," said Bob Yates.

"If her cargo was only gold!" exclaimed Tom Strong, giving Tim a slap on the back.

"If it war only whisky! Whoop!" was Tim's enthusiastic reply.

The captain and officers were watching the stranger closely, not yet being satisfied that she was not a war vessel in disguise.

"Stand ready by your guns!" cried Warren.

"Ship ahoy!"

"Halloo!"

"Why don't you show your flag?"

"Haven't got any."

"Who are you?"

"Ship Revolution, from Havana, bound for New York, in ballast."

"I believe that is a lie," muttered Warren.

"Come aboard and bring your papers, or I will give you a broadside!" he shouted.

There was some hesitation manifested, and then the captain of the stranger called:

"Brigantine ahoy!"

"Halloo!"

"Who are you?"

"I'll show you! Run up the flag!" he added to the man who stood with the halliards in his hand, and as the stars and stripes went proudly up, the Perry luffed off a few points and came up broadside on.

"All right, I'll come aboard," finally came from the captain of the vessel.

Meantime, the Perry, keeping on her stirring course, was making a circle not a quarter of a mile away, but with every gun manned and all ready in the event of treachery.

In a few moments one of the quarter boats was lowered from its davits, containing two officers and four sailors at the oars.

The nearer the boat approached the brigantine the more evident it became that there was no deception intended, for had there been it would have been the easiest thing in the world to blow the approaching boat out of water and the occupants to Davy Jones' locker.

"What brigantine is this?" was the captain's first question as he came alongside.

"The American privateer, Captain Perry," replied Warren, proudly.

"Good!"

"Who are you?"

"Captain Parker, of the American ship, Revolution, from Havana, bound to New York, with a cargo of rum and sugar."

"Captain Parker—Amos Parker?" asked young Warren, anxiously.

"That's my private hail. Why?" he asked, as the men were assisting him and his mate over the rail.

"You have a sister—Martha Warren?"

"Ay—ay, I have."

"Give me your hand, Uncle Amos," said Warren, seizing him heartily.

"What!"

"I am Frank Warren, your nephew."

"Thunder and tar! Is that so?" exclaimed the captain, looking wonderingly at him.

"Yes, sir; you haven't seen me since I was a boy. Come right down into my cabin. I thought I had a prize in you, but this has turned out a pleasant and unexpected meeting."

"By Jove! I thought I was a goner, too, for I have been chased by three Englishmen since leaving Havana, and not knowing how the land lay around here, I was sneaking in when your shot made me heave to. But instead of being taken prisoner, I am taken into the cabin of my sister's child. Well—well, blast my stays, but this is an unexpected meeting. But I have got some great news for you, Frank, if you have got the metal."

"Come down into my cabin, and I will tell you all about myself," said he, leading the way.

"All right. Grace, you stay here," he said, addressing his mate, and the two captains went below, leaving the astonished crews looking at each other.

"Waal, blast my monkey-jacket if this isn't the wust yet! No fight, arter all; only a huggin' of relations!" said Bill Bowline, with a regular growl, and the other members of the crew commented sneeringly on the way the expected prize had turned out.

"Be jabbers, it's mad ye are because ye come across an American ship. Phut a shame!" said Tim O'Toole, with some irony.

"Waal, it's cussed provokin', anyhow, not to have a fight arter expectin' it," replied Bowline.

Meantime, while this growl was going on among the crew, Mate Grace was telling Burton and Bailey of the adventures they had encountered since sailing for New York, and how nearly they had come to falling into the hand of the British.

This conversation was interesting enough to hold his hearers closely until the reappearance of Captain Parker in company with Warren, who, in the meantime, had given him an outline of his doings of late.

## CHAPTER XII.

### AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

EVERY man on board the Captain Perry stood ready at his post of duty.

By this time the brigantine was within speaking distance of the strange ship, and Captain Warren hailed with his trumpet.

"That is all right, my boy. Go ahead, and may you never be obliged to lower your colors," said Parker, as he came up.

"That I hope never to do, Uncle Amos."

"Keep on the course that I have given you, and you will surely cut her out, provided that cussed English sloop don't cut you out beforehand. I have given you all the particulars."

"And, with many thanks, I will follow the course indicated. And as for yourself, I think you will have no trouble in getting up the Sound, for I have not heard of any Englishmen this side of Hell Gate lately. Bridgeport is a safe place, and Captain Tarbolt a good friend, who will tell you all the news."

"All right." And shaking hands once more, the two captains parted, and Parker was rowed back again to his ship.

With a parting cheer, the boat went on her way, and the brave Captain Perry once more squared her sails to the breeze, and stood off towards Montauk Point, at the extreme eastern end of Long Island, then some twenty miles away.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### THE FIERCEST BATTLE YET.

THE sail around Montauk Point was a lively one, for towards night the wind began to increase, and under single reef mainsail, foretopsail and main jib the Captain Perry had a splendid chance to display her admirable sea-going qualities.

All on board, from the captain down to the powder monkey, declared that she was the fastest and truest sailer that they had ever stepped foot on, and they were delighted with the opportunity for proving how good she was.

But after clearing the Point and getting out into the ocean they had nearly a head wind, and were obliged to sail on a more easterly course than Captain Warren wished, and all night long she headed out to sea slowly.

During the early morning watch, however, the wind veered around more to the eastward, and then they were enabled to shape their course for Sandy Hook without trouble.

It was nearly noon before anything was described by the lookout worthy of calling attention to, but at about this hour he cried: "Sail ho!"

"Where away?" demanded Captain Warren, who was almost continually on deck.

"Three points off on our larboard beam."

"What does she look like?"

"There are two, sir, a full rigged ship and a tender, or something that looks like a brigantine."

"Indeed! That may be the one," remarked Warren, seizing his telescope and starting up the ratlines.

"What does he mean by the one?" asked Lieut. Bailey, of his brother officer, Burton.

"Slush me if I know. But most likely it has reference to something his uncle, Captain Parker, told him about," replied Burton.

"It can't be the sloop that chased him?"

"I should say not, from what the lookout says. But we shall soon find out."

"Well, whatever it may be, we have plenty of sea room here to fight or run away."

"True, and we can do either if this wind don't fail us."

"You are right. Isn't she a splendid sailer?"

"Never saw a hull go through the water as this one can, and stand so much sail, too."

"Why, with this wind we can fight and maneuver her with foretop-sail, mainsail, and jib, which would be a deuced fine thing to be able to do, when the balls fly pretty thick."

"Here comes the captain. Now we shall hear. What is it, captain?"

"A big merchantman, evidently under the convoy of an English brigantine about our own size," replied Warren.

"By Jove! he's a chance for sport!" said Bailey, quickly.

"Yes," replied Burton, but as he spoke his mind reverted to what the witch of Old Man's Point had said, and he glanced at Warren as if to see if he, too, thought of it.

But if he did he never betrayed it, and at once began to give orders in his sharp, decided way, at once convincing everybody that there was lively work ahead.

The American flag was flying, and it soon became evident that the Englishman had discovered the privateer very nearly at the

same time, for the larger ship began to change her course a trifle, while her smaller protector came closer alongside, and almost hid herself behind the huge hull of the merchantman.

Captain Warren watched this maneuver with some interest, for he could not wholly understand why a war vessel should seemingly take shelter behind the merchantman she was supposed to be protecting.

The other officers and the crew also watched and speculated upon the matter, after everything had been brought into ship-shape and ready for action.

The brigantine was headed so as to cut out the convoy after sailing about two miles, and which would bring them together near Sandy Hook.

"Blast my old binnacles, if I don't think it's another of the captain's relations!" growled Ben Bowline, and this raised a quiet laugh forward.

"Troth, they don't seem very anxious to scrape the acquaintance," said O'Toole.

"No, it looks as though they were trying to escape it," remarked Yates.

"Waal, they can't deu that unless they've got one of them patent steam bi'lers on board," said Butterberry, alluding to Fulton's great invention, which was then being talked about and was soon to revolutionize navigation.

"I calculate that they are trying to play us a Yankee trick," said another.

"What makes you think so?"

"That little chap is trying to conceal his identity behind the big one, and pounce on us all of a sudden when we get within gun-shot."

"Thunder! Let's hope so," growled Bowline.

"Why?"

"Cos then we shall have a fight. The cap'n knows he's thar, an' is just a goin' for him."

The brigantine was plowing her way through the water with a heavy press of canvas and a fine wind. In this she had the advantage of the enemy, who, whatever her sailing qualities might have been, could only use the wind on her larboard quarters, consequently they were rapidly overhauling them.

"Yes, that is his little game," remarked Warren, who was watching them with his telescope. "He evidently hopes to conceal himself until we get near enough, and then surprise us with a broadside."

"I think you are right, captain," replied Bailey.

"But forewarned is forearmed! I think I know a game that will match that one," he replied, again raising his telescope to his eye.

It was only a sail of about fifteen minutes before the Captain Perry got within gunshot, but contrary even to the expectations of his own officers and crew, the captain sailed straight ahead until well abreast of the Englishman and directly opposite to the war brigantine, with the huge hull of the East Indiaman towering between them, so that neither of the smaller hulls were visible to each other.

But each could see the other's spars and rigging through the big masts and sails of the merchant ship.

The Englishman was all ready and waiting to give the Yankee privateer a broadside that should rake it from stem to stern.

"Gunners, clip off the rigging as you sight it through that of the ship," said Warren, "and don't be particular about not hurting either one of them," he added.

There was a hearty "ay-ay, sir," from the gunners, who were standing anxiously ready and the next instant Bill Bowline trailed his gun and astonished the oversmart Englishman by cutting his foremast in two at about the middle.

Down it came with a tremendous crash, and before they had recovered from their consternation sufficiently to either give or obey an order, Tom Scudder sent in another iron compliment that carried away the main top-mast, and these two shots alone rendered the English brigantine entirely helpless.

"Three cheers for Yankee Doodle!" yelled Josiah Butterberry, with all his might, and the crew responded just as heartily.

"Quick, men! Load again!" cried Warren, although he scarcely needed to have done so, since every man was quick and sharp at his duty.

This misfortune of course caused the En-

glishmen to lose all headway, and she would have fallen behind the merchantman, had not Warren with his own hand fired a shot through her rigging, and then ordered her to luff up in the wind.

This she instantly did, and being under very littles headway, she came to a standstill before the crippled protector's hull came wholly in sight astern.

Captain Warren's object in doing this was to make sure of the position of his antagonist before he gave him a chance to return the fire, and he at once sprang up the rigging in order to make sure of it, and then he quickly gave orders to square the sails and forge ahead across over the merchantman's bows.

In five minutes they had rounded so that the almost dismantled brigantine came in sight, and she was a picture of distress, indeed. All were at work cutting away the fallen shrouds and spars, and her useless hull lay like a log on the water.

The moment a favorable opportunity presented itself, two broadside guns and the swivel were brought to bear, and their well-aimed shots swept the decks with a trail of destruction, killing a large number, and even disabling the vessel still more than ever.

"Gosh all splinters! I reckon as how that settles 'em!" exclaimed Butterberry, and then three more cheers were given for Yankee Doodle.

"Bah!" ejaculated Bowline, disgustedly.

"What's the matter, Bill?" asked a messmate.

"Matter? thar aren't goin' ter be any fight arter all," he replied, contemptuously.

There came an answer to that the next instant, in the shape of a broadside from the plucky Englishman, one shot from which went entirely through the Captain Perry, although above the water line, knocking the officers's quarters into wreck and ruin and doing considerable damage.

"Ho-ho!" cried Bill, "the dog aren't dead yet!"

"You are right, he isn't."

To tell the truth, even Captain Warren did not expect this from such a disabled antagonist, and he saw at a glance that his enemy was bent on giving a plucky fight, even if he went down while doing it.

Changing the course of his vessel as he neared the enemy, he gave him the other broadside, receiving one from his swivel gun at the same time, which carried away his jib stay.

"Good boys!" exclaimed Bowline, as he sighted his gun for another shot.

"Get below the water line, Bill," said Warren.

"Ay-ay, sir. I'll get right into his inards."

The next two shots, given as they were, at such short range, struck the Englishman just between wind and water, and exactly as the hull rolled up on a wave, going right through her hull from side to side, and making two very ugly breaks that now decided the fate of the disabled brigantine.

The Perry was now out of range of their broadside guns, but the swivel was being served with extraordinary rapidity and accuracy.

"Give them some more of the same sort!" cried Warren, who was encouraging everybody, and in response, two more shots from the Perry went crashing through the sides of English oak, and yet there were no indications of surrender.

The fallen spars and sails had by this time been cleared away, and the deck swarmed with armed men, each one of whom seemed ready and anxious to continue the fight.

Finally, a shot from the Perry carried away the English flag, and a treble cheer was given by the Yankee boys.

And still there were no indications of surrender on the part of the Englishman.

"They are good ones," was the general expression on board the Yankee, for they could appreciate pluck anywhere.

The wind by this time was of but little use to the Perry, she being now almost head on, and so she was obliged to wear around slowly, and finally to put the merchantman between them again before they could exchange any further shots.

This took up at least ten minutes, and while the maneuver was being executed, the commander of the Englishman made a sudden and a desperate move.

Finding that his vessel was fast going down,

he took his flag and went on board the merchant ship, closely followed by his crew.

The astonishment of the Americans can be imagined, as they came around and found the sinking hull deserted, and saw the flag hoisted to the main on the merchant ship.

"England has one war vessel less than she had half an hour ago," said Warren.

"But what do they intend to do now?" asked Lieut. Burton.

"I'll soon find out," said he, taking up his speaking trumpet.

But before he could use it, there came a volley of musket shots from the sailors on the ship, killing two men on board the Perry, and wounding several others. The effect was almost stunning, and the men sprang to their guns again.

"Hold on! Wait for the word!" said Warren. "It cannot be possible that they want us to send that ship after the brigantine. We must save that ship for our prize. Ship ahoy!" he called.

"Go to—" came back the reply.

"Do you wish me to send you there, or will you surrender?" demanded Warren, indignantly.

"Never!"

"I'll give you five minutes to decide."

There was evidently much excitement on board the ship, whose decks were crowded with officers, sailors and several passengers. A consultation was being held, and great anxiety shown by all, for it was only too plain to be seen that a few broadsides from the American privateer would send that big ship to the bottom with all on board.

"Haul down that flag or I will send you all down together!" called Warren, at the expiration of the five minutes he had granted them.

There was evident reluctance manifest on the part of the English captain, but he finally, in a most dogged way, consented to have the flag of old England lowered.

Then the Americans rent the air with their loud huzzas, for they had won their greatest victory yet, and as the hull of the ruined brigantine gave a lurch and went down, this joy was almost uncontrollable.

"Send your captain on board," said Warren, as soon as the cheers of his men had subsided.

"No, sir, we will have nothing to do with a set of contemptible Yankees," said the Englishman.

"Very well; we will have something to do with you. Make sail for New York, and I will take your place as protector," replied Warren.

There was another consultation on board, but in spite of the bull-dog captain of the sunken brigantine, it was finally considered best to obey the orders of the victorious Yankee, and so sail was at once made and the course for New York harbor taken up again.

While this was being done the crew of the Perry were out in boats picking up the various articles which had floated from the sunken brigantine, and in this way first learned that they had conquered and destroyed his majesty's brigantine Growler.

This salvage amounted to considerable, and was, of course, all they got from what should have been a valuable prize. But money was not all that was sought for by that American crew, for country and glory stood first.

After the ship had got well under way again, the Captain Perry followed slowly in her wake, at the same time making repairs temporarily, and indulging in general jubilation.

It was now about three o'clock in the afternoon, and they were some five miles east of Sandy Hook. Captain Warren's greatest anxiety was about getting his prize safely into New York before nightfall; and after everything had got to sailing smoothly again he selected a prize crew of men well-armed, and prepared to go on board the merchantman.

He expected trouble, but he did not shrink from meeting it, as he never yet had in all his life of fierce experiences.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### CURIOS EVENTS.

CAPTAIN WARREN had some difficulty in getting on board the huge merchantman on account of the pig-headed stubbornness of Captain Walsh of the sunken Growler. He was undoubtedly a good fighter, and under

other circumstances might have vanquished the Americans instead of being vanquished himself. But beyond those qualities he had few if any to recommend him, being selfish and brutal in his instincts, and wholly lacking the brighter qualities of an officer and gentleman.

It was certainly humiliating to be beaten in so short a time, even if beaten at all, but when he came to see that a boy almost had conquered him, his chagrin was even greater and he refused to converse with him.

But Frank made short work with him, and for his obstinacy he had him put in irons, while his officers and crew were simply disarmed and made prisoners without being confined.

"You Yankee cur, it is fortunate for you that I am not in command here, or I would show you some close fighting," said Walsh, hotly. "These cowardly lubbers are all Yankees, and would sooner save their old merchandise tub than give us a chance."

Warren looked at him a moment without making any reply, and then turned away to make further inquiries and arrangements, leaving his insulting and hot-headed enemy to cool off alone.

"What ship is this?" he asked, addressing the captain of the merchantman.

"Ship Resolute, of London, bound from Bombay to New York with an assorted cargo of East Indian goods," replied the captain, sullenly.

"You are an American, I should say?"

"Yes."

"How is it that you sail an English ship?"

"Nothing very strange in that, is there?"

"No, nothing strange, but somewhat uncommon."

"Well, although we sail under the British flag and hail from London, she is owned in New York," replied the captain, after hesitating a moment.

"Oh, indeed! Who is this patriotic owner, pray?"

"Shepherd Hugle."

"Shepherd Hugle? Thank Heaven!" said Captain Warren, fervently.

"Do you know him?"

"Quite well. I think I can take you right to his present quarters."

"Indeed! It will be a sad blow to him. This is a rich prize, captain—worth fully a million dollars."

"I am very glad to hear it. I will take good care that nothing happens to it."

"But what will Mr. Hugle say to me?"

"Not half what you could say to him, if you are a good American. It serves him right for his being poltroon enough to put his ship under the flag of England, and I would much rather take such a prize than a genuine English one."

"Well, it's not for me to say, captain. I am not the owner. I have to make my living, but this throws me on my oars again," said he, somewhat sadly.

"I am sorry for you, sir, but such is the fate of war. How does it happen that you were under the convoy of a war vessel?"

"For safety's sake, of course. We waited a long time to find one, and might never have succeeded had not Mr. Hugle and the English government been on good terms."

"That might be expected, for he has doubtless done them many favors."

Of course there was triumph in taking such a rich prize, but young Warren, with his high notions of patriotism, felt humiliated at the fact of the entire crew being Americans.

But the wind served them well, and just before sunset the Captain Perry escorted her prize up the harbor and past Fort Columbus, whose guns thundered forth a welcome to him, calling out the inhabitants of the city to witness the glad sight of so rich a prize being escorted up the East river, towards the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

It was not yet dark when the anchors of both vessels were let go under the guns of the famous war ship Constitution, and young Captain Warren reported to the commandant of the navy yard.

Such good news was not long in spreading, and before midnight the city was alive with enthusiasm, and Young Captain Perry was on nearly every tongue.

The next day the prisoners were transferred to the prison ship, and the prize handed over to the United States authorities, the river, meanwhile, being alive with all sorts of craft, bringing people to see the famous Captain

Perry and the huge prize she had brought into port after such a stubborn fight.

There was one man, however, who did not rejoice with the others, and that was Shepherd Hugle, still a prisoner. It was a blow that nearly ruined him, and he bowed beneath it in bitterness of spirit as his captain reported the affair to him.

"Yes, it has nearly ruined me," said he, "but there is one consolation, the career of that young rascal is short. Before he is two days older, he will be out of the way, thank Heaven!"

"But he is a very smart young man," said the captain, thoughtfully.

"Bah! so is Satan smart, but that is no reason why we should tolerate him. But how about Lord Piercy?" he finally asked.

"He is also a prisoner, but if he has nothing in his possession that will criminate him, he may get away in a short time. But he came over as the secret agent of England."

"I hope he will not be detained, and if it is possible I will contrive to speak with him."

What Hugle had said regarding the fate of young Captain Warren was, in a measure, true, for the secret society before spoken of, had now perfected a plan to capture him and put him entirely out of the way, and his visit to New York was exactly what they had been waiting for.

The next day the crew of the Perry were given a day ashore, and Warren himself had agreed to meet a number of distinguished citizens, who wished to honor him. In fact, it was a day of rejoicing in New York, and every member of the famous privateer's crew was lionized wherever he went, and was, of course, happy.

#### CHAPTER XV.

##### IN THE CLUTCHES OF A SECRET FOE.

A HAPPIER lot of Jack tars never existed than the crew of the Captain Perry, off for a day ashore in New York. Everybody strove to honor them in every possible way, and at night they were all in that mellow mood that sailors delight in.

Quite a large number of merchants had united in giving a dinner to the youthful hero, Captain Frank Warren, and he had agreed to meet them in a social, informal way in the evening, although he disliked thus to show himself off in public.

He had been very busy during the day, and it was quite dark before he set off from his vessel to meet with the merchants. He would gladly have remained on board, but having promised to go, he was of course bound to do so.

One of the crew rowed him ashore, and went to return for him in two hours, he going entirely alone, and leaving the brigantine in command of his first lieutenant, Burton.

Landing at the foot of what is now Pike street, he started at a brisk pace in order to reach the meeting on time, his mind all the while full of great schemes for the future.

But he had gone scarcely more than a quarter of a mile when he was suddenly felled by powerful blow from behind, and before he could recover himself, he was wrapped up and securely lashed in an old sail, unable to move hand or foot, or to utter an outcry, and to look at, he resembled nothing more than a roll of sail cloth.

Four stalwart men of the party of ruffians, who had thus waylaid him, then lifted him to their shoulders and bore him away in the darkness, two others remaining behind to see if any one had observed the affair, and to explain it in some reasonable way should any one inquire.

In an instant after regaining consciousness he comprehended the fact that he was in the hands of the enemy, but when or how, whether he was being borne, he, of course, could not tell. In fact, he was so dazed in his semi-consciousness that he scarcely knew what was being done with him.

At the time of which we write, New York scarcely extended above Canal street, and all above that point was farms and wild land, where now are streets and blocks of houses.

And in the neighborhood of what is now Thirtieth street, there were rocks and ledges so wild and barren that even poor farmers abandoned them, and goats held them undisputed.

Among the rocks and ledges were many caves, some of them inhabited by wild beasts and others made use of by robbers and smugglers. And when these mountainous

portions of the city came to be blasted and swept away to make room for the spreading metropolis, hundreds of evidences of the use to which these caves were put were found. And in several of them there were human skeletons found, to one or two of which were still attached chains, which held them to the unrelenting stones.

Into one of these caves the captors of Frank Warren had carried him.

He was nearly smothered when they placed him upon the floor of the cave, and proceeded to unwrap the canvas which had so securely held him.

The moment he felt himself unhampered he leaped to his feet.

Four cocked pistols covered and confronted him.

"You had best be quiet," said one of the men.

"Where am I?" demanded Warren.

"In good keeping."

"Whose?"

"Never mind."

"But where am I?"

"It wouldn't benefit you any to know."

"But I insist upon knowing."

At this his captors broke into a hoarse laugh, the sound of which echoed flabbily around, while the dim light coming from a solitary bull's-eye lantern scarcely broke the darkness of the place at all.

"It is a cave," said Warren, after gazing around him for an instant, and again they laughed. "Tell me, I demand, why I am here, and who is responsible for this outrage."

"You are not in command here, sir. You are too forward for a young one," was the reply.

"And you refuse to answer my questions?"

"We do. That isn't our business. We have simply obeyed orders, and that ends it."

"It does! It ends it, does it? We shall see."

"Oh, what's the use of wasting words with the young upstart. Chain him up at once and have done with it," said another of the men, impatiently.

"Yes—yes. I must be back to the rendezvous," said still another.

"What do you say you are going to do?" demanded Warren, peering into the repulsive-looking face of the spokesman.

"Obey orders."

"How?"

"Why, by obeying 'em of course."

"Well, what are they?"

"We'll soon show you," growled one of the rascals, as he stole up behind the disarmed prisoner and pinioned his arms securely.

Warren was the possessor of no mere boy's strength, but he felt as he struggled with his burly captor that he was a mere child in his iron grasp.

But what was more, the others came to his assistance, and the result of the tussle was that the clasp of a strong iron chain was snapped around young Warren's waist, hugging him uncomfortably close, and weighing fully fifty pounds.

"There, we'll see how far you'll get away from your future home now," said one of them.

Warren instantly comprehended the fact that he was chained to the interior of a cave, and brave though he was, a shudder crept over his frame.

"Are you going to leave me here?" he asked.

"We are."

"For how long?"

"As long as you live."

"I understand that I am a prisoner in the hands of my enemies, my country's enemies, and I know, of course, that you are a pack of cowardly ruffians, doing the bidding of those above you. Are you not the hireling of the Secret Cabul?"

"It is enough for you to know that this is to be your future home. How long you make it your home depends altogether upon how long you can live without eating."

"What is that?"

"I have said it."

"I am a prisoner?"

The man bowed.

"A prisoner of war?"

Again the man bowed.

"And you have instructions to starve me to death?"

"Yes, and it serves you right."

"Dogs! And is this England's work? Does she stoop to such business? Yes, for she sanctions the doings of American renegades."

Through such as you she plays the assassin, and captures the man through the aid of foot-pads that she could not capture with her navy. Shame on her! Shame! But it is useless to talk to you dogs about the sense of shame, for you know nothing about such feelings. I only wish I had my cutlass, I'd try its keen edge on you rascals before I died."

"Don't get excited, Young Captain Perry. The best thing you can do is to make your peace with Heaven."

"Heaven? How dare you speak of such a place?" sneered Warren.

A mocking laugh was his only answer, as the rascals began to move away.

"Hold!" he called.

"Well?"

"Will you not leave the lantern behind? At least let me have the companionship of a light?"

"Oh, you'll soon get used to the darkness."

"And you refuse me that little boon?"

"I do."

"Good God! Stay one moment. Flash its light over your faces that I may have the memory of your looks before my eyes, even though it be dark, that I may remember the appearance of the fiends whom I die cursing for this horrible brutality."

"All right," and the man who held the lantern flashed its light upon the other three faces, and then upon his own. "Now are you satisfied?"

"Yes; satisfied that there are fiends wearing the form of human beings. Go! Noisome as is the atmosphere of this cave, I feel your presence makes it worse. Go, leave me alone. I am not afraid to die, although I should dearly have loved to have struck down a few more of my country's enemies before I do so. Such vile serpents as you are."

"Good-bye. Shall I give your love and kind regards to Mr. Hugle?" he asked, mockingly.

"Hugle! Oh, yes, I understand now. I comprehend it all. Yes, tell him that when you left me chained to this slimy rock, that my last words were curses upon my country's enemies, and all such black-hearted traitors and renegades as he is. Tell him—"

But they were gone, and their footsteps echoed weirdly as they clambered over the rough passage-way leading to the mouth of the cave. He listened with intense feeling until the sound of rolling a rock into the mouth of the cave cut off all other sounds, and he was left there chained to a rock far underground, and in that dreadful darkness.

The situation was too terrible for human nature to stand under unbendingly.

Was it fate, and should that brilliant life go out in such a place, his country half served and his own ambition only partially gratified? Was this the all—the end all—and in such a place, to die like a dog.

The quick rush of this flood of thought finally overcome him; his brain reeled, and with a cry of anguish he sank to the ground.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

GREAT was the disappointment of the merchants of New York who had gathered to honor Captain Warren with a dinner on account of his failing to meet them, but for what reason the reader already knows, yet those who knew him best said that something had surely happened to him.

The crew of the Captain Perry returned on board ship in a highly exhilarated condition, as sailors are apt to do under ordinary circumstances ashore, but in this case they were made so much of, and asked to drink with so many, that it was no wonder they returned feeling good.

But, of course, they knew nothing about what had happened to their young captain, or they would have torn New York down. They sang patriotic songs, laughed, joked, and were happy, believing Warren to be safe, as proud and as happy as they were.

The sailor who had rowed Warren ashore and had orders to return for him in two hours' time was promptly at the appointed place, and there he waited until broad daylight in the morning, but all to no purpose.

Then he rowed back to the brigantine and reported to Lieut. Burton, who was also much alarmed at the prolonged absence of his superior.

"There must be something wrong," and leaping into the boat he bade the sailor pull with all his might for shore.

And it soon became known on board that

for some mysterious reason or other the captain had not returned to his vessel, and consequently all hands became greatly excited, commenting vigorously on the probability of his having been kidnapped or in some manner taken prisoner by the secret agents of England.

"By the great horn spoon! we'll make this town hum, if he's in it," said Bill Bowline.

And this was the sentiment of all hands, and they waited with the utmost anxiety for the return of Lieut. Burton.

It was nearly noon before he did so, having gone to find several of those who were to have met him at the merchants' dinner, and learned from them that he had not been seen at all by any one, greatly to the general disappointment.

And when it became known that the young naval hero was mysteriously missing, there arose great excitement all over New York, and speculation was on tip-toe. It flew from mouth to mouth, and hourly the excitement grew.

Every person who took any interest in the progress of the war felt himself personally called on to investigate the matter, and business in many instances was suspended.

"Lieut. Burton, we want ter go ashore," said Yates, addressing him on behalf of his shipmates. "We wants to go through this bloody town like a dose of castor oil, an' see if we can't find the captain."

"So you shall, boys. Arm yourselves with your side arms, and you will find thousands of people ashore who will join in the search with you. Commence at the Battery and search everywhere from top to bottom of the city; Lieut. Bailey, you will keep ship, and I will head the searching party," said Burton, but before he had finished speaking those brave, eager men had scampered off, with a huzzah, to arm themselves.

Boat load followed boat load, Burton supervising the affair, and search parties were made up, to each one of which dozens of citizens attached themselves, and in a few hours the entire town was alive with search parties who were so dreadfully in earnest in the business that no one dare oppose them in going with their search wherever they liked.

Excitement ran exceedingly high, and as the crowd of people surged through the streets into and out of buildings from cellar to garret, a stranger would almost have thought that a riot or sacking was in progress.

All day long the search went on and excitement grew to a fever heat.

The jail was even entered and the person of the young hero sought for among the prisoners.

Not a solitary house escaped search, and thieves reaped a good harvest by joining in the strange burrowing.

From the Battery to the northern limits of the town they went, and the search was continued long after dark, and until many houses and stores had been searched two or three times, and the citizens began to complain loudly against the thieves.

A portion of the crew were quartered at a hotel that night, and with the remainder Lieut. Burton returned to the brigantine, to sleep, but to renew the search the next day.

Greater and greater the mystery became, and letters were dispatched as well as messengers to all parts of the country, and the next morning early the search was again started, the sailors of the Captain Perry swearing vengeance on somebody if their idolized leader was not produced.

Meantime the secret society whose rascally workers had kidnapped Warren was pretending, through its individual members, to be greatly interested in finding him, for that was a part of their doings to always seem patriotic while secretly undermining the power of their native land and trying to turn it over to England.

On this account they escaped suspicion, although amid the excitement there were made loud calls for a trace of the rascals who were known to be working secretly in their midst.

But no more of a trace could be found of any of them than there could of Captain Warren, and at the end of the second day's search it was come to be generally believed that he had somehow fallen into the river and drowned, or that he had been set upon and murdered, and the body thrown into the water.

And this belief became so strong that several search parties were started out in boats

with grapples, to search the river and harbor for the body.

But while all this excitement is at its height, and this search was going on all over the city, let us return to the noisome cave where our hero is chained a prisoner.

It was an hour or more before he raised himself after the swoon into which he had fallen, and then he naturally began to feel around to learn more of his surroundings, or what he could do through the sense of feeling.

The first thing he did was to trace the chains which clasped him so mercilessly around the waist with its iron clamp, and this he found to reach to a huge rock, into which it was fastened with a ring and staple.

He exerted his strength upon it, but it was so firm that hope almost died out of his heart as he felt how relentless it was.

Then he ran his hands over the slimy stones and tried the length of the chain, but found it not over two yards long, scarcely long enough to enable him to lay down upon the damp bottom.

Searching further with his hand, all the while holding his nose with the other, on account of the terrible stench, he at length came upon something round and slimy. It was too light for a stone, and taking it up—oh! horror upon horrors!

It was a human skull!

With a horrible shudder he threw it from him and seized the chain for support.

Was it the skull of a preceding victim?

The thought nearly drove him frantic, and in his anguish he cried out with all his strength.

Echo mocked him, and then all was still again—still as the grave.

Satisfied with his explorations, he sat down to collect his thoughts.

What time was it? Was it night yet? or was day and night all one to him there?

The whole panorama of his life passed before him, and then the dead hopes of his young, ambitious life filed before him like ghosts of recently murdered victims.

Finally, he raised his bowed head and looked around. It seemed as though it was a trifle lighter at one end of the cave, and he watched it with most intense anxiety. Had day broken and did some of its light find its way into his cave?

Then he thought he heard the barking of a dog somewhere without, and his ears became exceedingly acute; and while he glared toward the feeble light, he saw something white leaping toward him.

Making a sudden clutch at it, he seized in his hand a terrified rabbit which had evidently taken refuge in the cave from some pursuing dog.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE PRISONER OF THE CAVE.

WHEN Frank Warren caught that frightened rabbit that had taken refuge in the cave, whither dogs had pursued it, he felt a thrill of joy, for the little thing seemed like a messenger from the outer world—the world of liberty and action, from which he was shut forever.

At this time the search for him had just commenced, but which of course he knew nothing about. He only knew that he had been assaulted by ruffians, and borne insensible to a cave somewhere, a cave where other victims had perished before him, and that this little animal was his only companion.

So eagerly did he clutch it in his delirium, that, without knowing it, he killed it.

For an instant he was grieved beyond measure, and mourned over it as he would have done over the loss of a friend.

"Poor little thing," he mused, as he held its body to his cheek. "I have killed it; yes, it is dead. My last connection with the outer world is now destroyed. With it alive I might have communicated in some way with those around this place, if, indeed, there are people living here. Yes—yes. I am more alone now than ever before. Soft! The light grows brighter at the further end of the cave, or my eyesight is becoming more keen. What if I shout again—will echo only mock me? But I must shout while I have strength, for it will soon leave me, no doubt."

After hesitating a moment, he began to shout, in the hope of reaching some listening ear. Had he not been chained in his dungeon cave, he might have worked himself out of it; but as it was, he had no power to move.

But, as before, only soggy echoes answered

his shouts, and no answer came to the acute pitch of his sense of hearing.

"Ah, poor little dead friend! Perhaps, after all, Heaven sent you here to prolong my life," said he to the rabbit, which he still held. "There is, at least, two days' life for me in you, and perhaps by that time I may be found, for surely my friends will make search for me when they find me missing; and my noble crew—ah! they will search the town through. But yet how can they find me here? Heaven only knows where I am. I may be miles away from the city, and away from any direction my friends might think of taking in a search."

Musing thus, his heart almost sank within him. Hope seemed to bid farewell to him, and he settled down into mental despair that was equal to the darkness surrounding him.

After the first day's fruitless search, Lieut. Bailey dispatched a messenger post haste for Bridgeport, Ct., inquiring of Captain Tarbolt if he knew aught of the missing hero; for, after all, it was barely possible that he might have taken a sudden notion into his head to pay a visit to his old friend without leaving any word behind.

At all events, he sent the old captain all the particulars, and desired to hear from him without a moment's delay.

The result was that the bluff old captain rode hard and reached New York on the evening of the second day after the search, greatly excited, and fully believing that Warren had been made away with in some way by the secret society which was working in the interest of England.

It took him but a short time to gather all the particulars.

"I fear they have made away with him," said both Bailey and Burton.

"Belay that, messmate, I don't believe it," replied Captain Tarbolt.

"Then they have spirited him away and have got him a prisoner somewhere."

"Very likely. These cursed emissaries of England have got him for exchange—probably for that scoundrel, Shepherd Hugle. But I have an idea. There is a friend of mine here who has a very fine bloodhound. We will get something belonging to Warren, get the dog upon the scent, and in that way find him."

"Have you any faith in those dogs?"

"Of course I have. I have known them to do most wonderful things. At all events, the experiment is worth trying."

"To be sure, and the sooner we get at it the better," said Bailey.

"Good! Get a coat, hat, boots, or almost anything belonging to Warren, and let us go over at once and get the dog acquainted with the scent, so that we can start to find the trail the first thing in the morning."

This being agreed upon they prepared themselves, and started for New York.

Captain Tarbolt had but little trouble in finding his old friend, the owner of the bloodhound, and measures were at once taken to endeavor to get him upon the scent early in the morning.

Meanwhile, the excitement relative to the mysterious disappearance of young Warren did not abate in the least. Newspapers published long accounts of the affair, and everybody was talking about it, while the country became greatly excited from one end of it to another.

As soon as it was fairly light in the morning the blood-hound was taken to the spot where Frank Warren was last seen, the place where he landed for the purpose of meeting with the merchants of New York, who wished to honor him with a grand dinner, and he took the scent almost instantly.

With a low yelp, and his nose to the ground, the dog started up the street, hastily followed by those interested in the affair.

But after reaching the spot where Warren had been assaulted, he stopped and began to circle around in a strange manner, and it very soon became evident that he had lost the scent entirely.

His owner took him back to the wharf and started him again, but with precisely the same result as before.

It will be remembered that the assassins, after knocking Warren down and rendering him unconscious, rolled him up in an old sail and lashed the bundle securely, after which they bore it away upon their shoulders.

It was on this account that the dog lost the scent at this point.

They tried him several times, but he went

over the ground in the same way every time, and at length the owner was compelled to acknowledge that his dog was at fault, and the search had to be abandoned—the search which Captain Tarbolt had so much faith in.

It was a severe blow to the old man, but yet he did not lose hope, and at once set himself to work to follow up the search in another way.

But in the meantime, there was an anxious heart at work in another direction.

The moment Mary Kelsey heard of her lover's mysterious disappearance, she set herself to work, like the brave girl she was, to fathom the mystery.

She had often heard of the witch of Old Man's Point, and as soon as her uncle had set out for New York, she directed old Marlin to procure a sail-boat and take her across the Sound, hoping—almost believing—that the strange, weird creature could solve the mystery.

Scarcely an hour elapsed before they were on their way over the rippling waters of our northern inland sea. A good breeze was blowing favorably, and the boat a good one, in the hands of a master of all such craft, and onward she sped like a thing of life, bound on an important errand.

It was a sail of at least three hours to reach Old Man's Point.

Only a girl of courage would have undertaken such a journey, for, after reaching the middle of the Sound, the waves ran high, and the breeze with which they started amounted now to quite a gale, bouncing the little craft high up and low down in a most dangerous way.

But Mary Kelsey knew no such feeling as fear, or if she knew it, she heeded it not, for her heart was interested.

Old Marlin looked at her with wonder. He sat in the stern of the boat, clinging to the tiller and holding the little craft down to her work, getting everything out of her that was possible without touching the danger line.

But Mary sat in the bow wholly unmoved, and heeding not the spray which now and then dashed over the sail boat from stem to stern. Her eyes were fixed on the distant point to which they were hurrying, but all too slow to answer the anxiety of her heart.

Every minute seemed an hour, so anxious was she to reach the end of her journey.

But after a sail of over two hours, old Marlin beached the boat as gently as a duck would have reached it and then he hastily assisted the anxious girl to alight upon a rock, from which she leaped ashore without further trouble.

"Do you know anything about this point, Mr. Marlin?" she asked.

"No, mum, only that she's called Old Man's Point, mum," replied the faithful old tar.

"Very well, you remain here until I return, or until you hear me call for you."

"Ay—ay, mum, but I hopes yer been't goin' ter get inter any danger, mum."

"Oh, no, I guess not. I am simply going to call on a person living somewhere around here," she said, walking rapidly away.

"Goin' ter call on somebody! Waal, blast my tarry top-lights, but this is a queer place ter have acquaintances livin'. She's a strange craft, but she's a putty one, and no mistake. What in thunder does she mean, anyhow? Waal, it's none of my business anyway, but I'll be swabbed with a pitchfork if I don't think it's somethin' ter do with that young Warren. I allus half suspected that she loved him, and somehow it seems ter me that this chase has somethin' ter do with it. But it's no business of mine, only I wish I was as young as he an' stood in his boots."

After reflecting in this way for some time, he proceeded to get the sailboat into water deep enough to prevent her being left by the receding tide, and to amuse himself by sailing up and down a few yards from the shore, all the while keeping a bright lookout for her reappearance.

Mary Kelsey had in the meantime come upon a path and was following it up the bluffs. She did not know where the strange creature of Old Man's point lived, but having been told that no other person inhabited the locality, she felt certain of finding her.

After walking some distance, she at length came upon a little hut built into the side of the bluff, and after searching for a short time she came upon her.

Seated on a stone, with her head bowed in her hands, she presented a weird looking picture.

She was muttering to herself in a savage sort of way, and for an instant Mary's heart almost forsook her, and she hesitated to approach her.

But finally she spoke louder, all the while without looking up, and seemed to be addressing her.

"Approach, girl, approach! I will not harm you. Harm never comes to angels, and you are one."

Still Mary hesitated, and her heart fluttered with something akin to fear.

"Mary Kelsey, approach," said the witch, and at the same time without looking up or taking her face from her hands into which it was bowed.

Recovering her self-possession, she walked slowly towards the mysterious creature who had called her by name, and when quite near to her the old hag looked up.

"Ah! you are beautiful. I was once just as beautiful as you are. These locks which are now gray and bleached in the sun and rain were once just as bright and golden as yours are. But Heaven is better to you than it has been to me. You were born under a more fortunate star, though not so bright a one. But that is neither here nor there. You have come a long distance to see me."

"I have. I seek your aid," said Mary.

"You love!"

"Yes, a noble youth—"

"I know him; he is a hero."

"He is, indeed."

"He is in trouble."

"Yes; he has disappeared most mysteriously, and I seek your assistance to find him."

"He is true to you as he is to his country," said the witch, after a moment's reflection.

"But by that you would tell me that he still lives!" said she, with almost tragic earnestness.

"He still lives."

"Thank God!"

"But he cannot do so much longer if he is not rescued."

"In the name of Heaven tell me where he is. They are searching for him all over New York."

"He was kidnapped—I see it all. They felled him with a cowardly blow from behind; they have carried him to a cave and chained him there to die."

"Oh, tell me where it is!"

The witch was silent for several minutes, during which Mary was in the torture of anxiety.

"In a cave, outside of the town, facing the Hudson river," she muttered.

"But tell me of some mark or feature whereby I may know it."

Again was she silent for some time.

"A road runs within two hundred feet of it and almost in front of the mouth of the cave, there is an oak tree that the lightning has riven savagely. A large flat stone among dozens of others, shuts up the mouth of the cave."

"Oh, thanks—thanks!"

"He is chained to the ledge in this cave, others have died there before him."

"But he will not die?"

"Not if rescued quickly. His friends are now searching for him. Go to New York, and lead them, if you can, to this cave."

"I will—I will!" said she, quickly.

"I am interested in him, for he has captured him!" said she, with tragic vehemence.

"I know not, but you know everything. I will go at once, and yours shall be all the honor—"

"No—no, girl; mine be the revenge!"

"Whatever you will. Say that you bless my efforts," said she, kneeling by her.

"I do. Go at once."

Thrilled to her very life core, Mary Kelsey waited to hear no more, but with many thanks hurried back to the boat as fast as possible.

Old Marlin saw her coming, and guided the boat up among the rocks, so that she could step on board without trouble.

"Marlin, we must sail for and reach New York as quickly as possible," said she.

"New York, mum!"

"Yes. Use your own judgment, but get me to New York without loss of time—will you?"

"Mum, yer cap'n an' I'm crew of this little craft, but if yer says so I'll take her ter England or anywhere else," said he.

"Make the quickest time possible for New York."

"Ay, ay, mum!" said the hearty old sailor,

and he at once put the little craft before the wind and headed for New York.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE HAND OF DEATH.

EXCITEMENT in New York over the mysterious disappearance of young Captain Warren had not abated in the least, although many of those who had been engaged in the search were now less hopeful, and began to fear that he would never be heard from again.

But during all this, the members of the secret society of the tories kept very quiet, and some of them, in order to throw suspicion from themselves, pretended to be greatly interested in finding him, and even joined in the search for that purpose.

Three days had now elapsed since he had so strangely disappeared, and while his friends still searched, those who suspected that he had been a victim to the secret agencies of England became even more intense in their hatred of her.

Old Captain Tarbolt left nothing undone that he could think of, but when all proved unavailing he almost lost hope.

"Blast my old hulk, what's going to be done now?" he asked of Lieut. Burton, after everything had been done.

"I am sure that I can't think of anything, captain. I only wish I could," he replied, feelingly.

"I think he has been murdered and put out of the way," said Lieut. Bailey.

"Yes. I guess that's it. But what's going to be done with the brigantine?"

"Well, it's a question in my mind whether the crew will be willing to serve under anybody else," said Burton, thoughtfully. "They worshiped Warren."

"So everybody did, and, shiver my timbers, it is too bad that we can't at least get a chance to avenge him," said Captain Tarbolt.

"It is so. It is a great triumph for England to get rid of him in this way."

"The cursed cowards! They couldn't match him open and fair, and undoubtedly some of these secret agents have assassinated him. By the way, I wonder if Shep Hugle don't know something about him?"

"If he did he would never confess it."

"I suppose not, for he is just villain enough to glory in such a revenge as this. But something has got to be done. It will never do to have the Captain Perry lying here at her anchors."

"Well, what do you suggest?" asked Burton.

"I think we'll wait a day or two longer, and then, if we hear nothing from him, you, Burton, had better take her out on a cruise," said Tarbolt.

"I don't feel confidence enough in my ability to do so, and I don't believe the crew would agree to it."

"Well, I'll have a talk with them and see what they say about it. But let's go ashore again and see if we can't strike upon some clew."

"One half of the crew is ashore now."

"Good, honest fellows, every one of them!" mused the old captain.

They were seated in the officers' cabin on board the Captain Perry, which still rode at her anchors opposite the Brooklyn navy-yard, and as the old man spoke, he led the way up on deck in a thoughtful manner, as though still undecided what to do, or which way to turn.

It was now about three o'clock in the afternoon, and, as they reached the deck, their attention was attracted to a sail-boat, which was standing over across from the New York side.

There was nothing particular about the little craft to attract attention, or to make it seem other than a pleasure boat, for a man sat in the stern sheets, while a female, forward, was the only other occupant.

But, in spite of the sentry's warning to keep off, she continued her course, and finally swung around up into the wind, and came almost to a standstill under the broadside of the Captain Perry.

Then, for the first time, Captain Tarbolt discovered that his niece and servant were the passengers, and no time was lost in getting them on board.

Tired, hungry, and all but worn out with the rough journey she had made, Mary Kelsey told the story of her adventure, and, refusing all refreshment, she implored them

to accompany her without loss of time to test her information.

In vain they tried to get her to partake of food, but nothing could induce her to abandon her purpose for an instant; and so, in company with Captain Tarbolt and the two young lieutenants, they were rowed ashore, and a carriage was at once procured to take them to the designated spot.

True as the needle to the pole did she follow the directions given her by the witch of Old Man's Point, her anxious heart guiding her all the while, and in a short time they found the lightning-blasted oak, and had but little difficulty in locating the mouth of the cave.

To roll away the guarding stone and with lanterns to penetrate it was the work of but a few moments, when suddenly they came upon the victim, who lay upon the bottom of the cave, with the hand of death seemingly upon him.

For a long time, while they were breaking the ring into which the chain was fastened, they could not decide whether he was dead or alive; but the cruel iron was finally twisted off, and the apparently lifeless body of Frank Warren was taken out into the open air.

After working over him for some time it was finally concluded that life was not yet extinct, and he was placed in the carriage and hurried away in search of the nearest physician, Mary Kelsey supporting his head in her arms and watching him tenderly.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE YOUNG HERO'S TRIUMPH.

IN skillful hands young Captain Warren soon recovered himself more fully, but his mind wandered, and it was a day or more before he recognized any of his friends; and even when he did so he was not exactly right, and seemed to be laboring in a dream.

But the best of care was his, and at the end of the second day he was removed on board the brigantine, where he was received by his crew with every demonstration of delight, while they fairly worshiped Mary Kelsey as a brave, good angel.

The news of his being found soon became known all over town, and the wildest demonstrations of satisfaction and delight were manifested, and every legal appliance was at once brought to bear to hunt down the cowardly crew who had thus attempted to work in the interests of England.

The scene between Frank and Mary, when he learned that he owed his life to her, was very much affecting; but once she knew that he was well again, she accompanied her uncle back to Bridgeport and left her lover once more treading the deck of the Captain Perry, ready to meet his enemies anywhere.

The story of his exploits lives in history, but those preceding his cruel captivity were mild in comparison to what followed; for, from the time of his recovery to the ending of the war, he became a terror and a scourge to England wherever her flag dared to fly, or her keels to run.

Making New York his home port, he swept like an avenging angel around Long Island, capturing and destroying, and not only that, but, through the agency of Paul Brock, a noted thief-taker of those days, he traced out and punished several members of the Tory league, and succeeded in breaking it up nearly a year before the war ended.

But while remembering the earnest fidelity of Mary Kelsey, he could not forget that he owed a debt of gratitude to the witch of Old Man's Point; and so, after capturing Nero Piercy, the secret agent of England, while breaking the league, he remembered that she asked him to bring him to her, and, without allowing him to know where he was being taken, young Warren placed them face to face.

The scene between them was a fearful one. "Go away and leave him with me," said she, turning to Warren with great excitement. "You owe me something for saving your life; pay me by leaving this rascal with me."

"No—no! Take me away with you," said Piercy, trembling, and greatly excited.

"You shall not take him from me—never!"

"I shall leave you here," said Warren, calmly, and turning, he went back to the waiting boat, while the laugh of the delighted maniac echoed far and wide.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Years after that the bleached skeletons of a man and a woman were found upon that bleak point, but the secret was buried forever.

\* \* \* \* \*  
On sea and land the American arms were victorious from first to last.

Finally England saw the folly of her ways and humbly sued for peace, and even after that Gen. Jackson utterly defeated her finest

army at the Battle of New Orleans, owing to the slowness of communication, which prevented the authorities from notifying Jackson of the overtures for peace.

But why continue a story that is already told.

Peace smiled once more on a victorious nation, and the world was forced to respect our flag.

But from one end of the land to the other it was conceded that no one had done more to uphold that flag than Frank Warren.

A year after the close of the war, there was a notable wedding at Bridgeport, between Frank Warren and Mary Kelsey, at which the crew formerly belonging to the Captain Perry were all present, each one of them being rich now from prize money, and a more joyous re-union never blended with a wedding.

And when the affair was over, three rousing cheers rang out upon the midnight air for: YOUNG CAPTAIN PERRY, THE HERO OF 1812.

[THE END.]

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